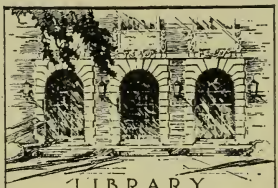

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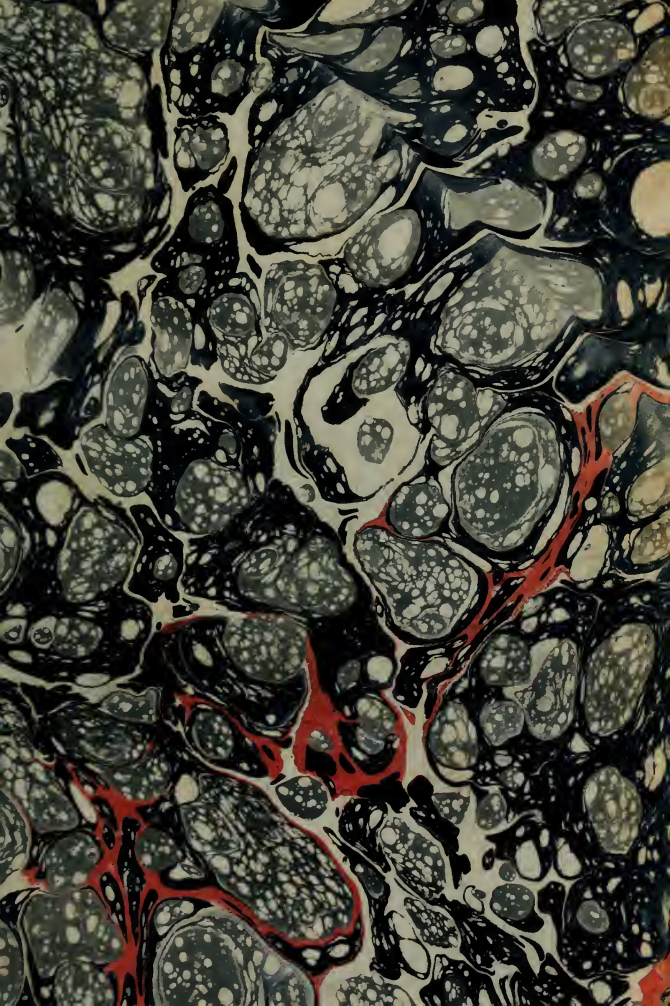

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THE OLD IRISH BARONET.

A NOVEL.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

THE

OLD IRISH BARONET;

OR,

MANNERS OF MY COUNTRY.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

HENRIETTA ROUVIERE,

AUTHOR OF

LUSSINGTON ABBEY, HEIRS OF VILLEROY, A PEEP AT OUR ANCESTORS, *&c. &c.*

"The Irish are a warm, benevolent, hospitable race—the latter proverbially—steadfast in their affections, generous in their friendships, and grateful for every act of kindness. But they are tenacious of their rights; passionate, when insulted, and proud to a fault. The master, who treats them with generosity, will be served with faithfulness. The arrogant superior, who lords it over them, will feel their resentment. Indifference is not their characteristic; they are enthusiastic in the extreme, and either love with fervour or hate with violence."

VOL. II.

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LEADENHALL-STREET.
1808.

THE

OLD IRISH BARONET.

CHAP. I.

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of Morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even;
All that the mountain's shelt'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heav'n!"

MINSTREL.

OUR philosopher, for by this title we shall venture, in future, to designate Mr. Sylvester, exerted himself to enliven each

step of the journey, and every varying scene, by observations, always interesting, and often original, which bespoke a habit of independent enquiry, and force of thought, that seemed to have accompanied him even from infant years.

The weather was uncommonly fine, and the sea was smooth, so that Miss O'Callaghan remained on deck almost the whole day; and, being very little incommoded by the swell, was at leisure to contemplate a scene, to her, who had never been at sea, perhaps the most grand, new, and interesting, the universe can afford. She observed that another packet entered into the bay just as they issued out from it, and saw with astonishment ships sailing in all, even the most contrary, directions, though impelled by the same wind. The philosopher, attentive to every glance of intelligent curiosity in the eyes of his fair pupil, answered her enquiries, and those of Sir Thomas, to whom, though the scene was more familiar, its cause was equally

equally unknown, by the following observation:—"It is on the exact consistency or tenuity of water, that the possibility of navigation depends: were its density less than it is, the proportionate action of the sea and wind would be destroyed, the helm would be incapable to resist the impulsion of the wind on the sails, by opposing to it a contrary or oblique force, and the vessel would only scud at the mercy, and in the exact direction, of the driving gale: were it denser than it is, the force of air could not propel the ship at all through the element, or, at most, with a very feeble velocity; still less enable the mariner to stem, by the contrary action of the sails, the opposing current. On this wise, though perhaps overlooked, disposition of Providence, depend the intercourse of nations, the comforts of society, and the civilization of the world."

Though the wind was contrary, the night had been calm, and Ellen, without

being sick, had felt as little inclination to sleep as most others, when they pass the first night in a cot at sea: she was the more easily persuaded by Sylvester to let him assist her on deck, to see the spectacle of sun-rise.—It was already day-light, and the stars were disappearing—not a cloud, not a vapour obscured the sky: presently Ellen beheld the orb of day rise from the bosom of the ocean, and throw on the surface of the sea a beam of dazzling refulgence, that floated to the eye like a tremulous stream of liquid fire; while, opposite to the sun, each wave, through the dark-blue expanse, seemed tipped with a fillet of silver. When Ellen beheld herself, for the first time, surrounded by the "world of waters," and turning, looked in vain for a distant vestige of the green earth, but saw all around her the sea and sky meet, she experienced sensations, which those who are alive to the feelings of grandeur and beauty can better conceive than we describe.

After

After breakfast, Ellen again revisited the deck. The sun had now gained a considerable elevation, the weather was warm, and the winds were only "not asleep;" and she was again awakened to a sense of that impressive solitude, that attends the track of a small vessel, in fine weather, on the sea. Not a breath whistled through the rigging; the silence that reigned was hardly disturbed by the feathering break of a distant wave, or the hoarse murmurs wafted on the breeze, at intervals, from the remote horizon.—Ellen's taste was not yet formed, but every element of it subsisted in her bosom—sensibility of heart, acuteness of organ, versatility of talent, and boundless curiosity: and, though she had not yet learned to discriminate, to judge, and to censure, yet the great, the novel, forced themselves on her view, with an enthusiasm the sickly progeny of fashion and imitation are doomed never to experience.

A favourable breeze that now sprang up, soon brought to their view the summit of Snowdon, which, to use the sailor's phrase, "hove in sight;" and as they approached the Welch coast, the increasing elevation of that mountain, long before the other hills of Caernarvonshire appeared above the horizon, "like clouds dim rising in the distant sky," gave Ellen a feeble idea of those Alps her astonished eye was soon to contemplate.

In the evening they landed safely at Holyhead, and proceeded, the next day, on their journey to London. On their road through Wales, Ellen had fresh occasion to admire, with Mr. Sylvester, the romantic, and sometimes grand scenery of that principality; and her taste for rural beauty, under the instructions of one with whom the sentiment of the picturesque seemed innate, had hourly opportunities to form and chasten itself.

Ellen made the most of the short time the Baronet intended to pass in London: her

her judicious preceptor availed himself of all her leisure, to make her acquainted with every thing of nature, science, or art, the metropolis offered to view, distributing to each object its due proportion of her attention: she was, of course, introduced to a number of Sir Thomas's family-connexions, who resided in England, and who had not yet quitted the mart of elegance for the enjoyment of rural shades, or fashionable watering-places, and by whom Ellen was as much esteemed for the natural grace of her manners, as admired for her unaffected beauty. But as Sir Thomas's stay there was to be short, and it was uncertain how long their continental tour might last, he was anxious that she should form none of those intimacies which might occasion regret at their interruption: their time was, therefore, principally occupied in contemplating the *materiel* of London, and seemed to have been very short, when it was over. Ellen, from the novelty of situation, might pro-

bably have wished to prolong her stay there; but her father not intimating any intention of the kind, she made no advances to urge their delay in it, and they, once more, set forward to pursue fresh observations.

After a passage of something less than four hours from Dover, the Baronet and his fair daughter first set their feet on the continent of Europe. In proceeding along the quay, and entering the gates of Calais, to walk to Grandsire's hotel, Ellen found herself in a new world, and expressed her surprise that, after so short a *trajet*, though Dover and the hills of Kent were still in sight, there should be such a total change of language, dress, manners, and, in short, every thing the attention could fix upon. Her knowledge of the French language, with which, through the kind care of Father Dunlavie and her preceptor, she had already become tolerably familiar, though it made the change more agreeable, did not render it less surprising: she

she was almost ashamed to remark to Sylvester her wonder, that even the infants lisped spontaneously a language she alone, of all her father's household, had had the courage to attempt to learn, and, with all her toil and application, had succeeded but imperfectly: she employed it, however, without hesitating, and felt that innocent exultation that arises when you converse, for the first time, in their own language, with people who cannot speak any other.

The Baronet was less at his ease in this respect, and his patience, during their journey, was often put to the test by trifles: his good sense, however, always stifled the usual John Bull reply—"D—n you, why don't you speak English?" and only reminded him that, of all the servants he had brought over with him, not a soul knew any thing else than English, or, to speak more properly, Irish—a deficiency which he resolved, the instant of his arrival at Paris, to supply.

Our party spent the remainder of the day at Calais, in providing for the little exigencies of their journey, and set out for Paris on the morning after their arrival at the former place. In passing by the church-yard of Vintimille, they paused a moment, to regard the monument that records the fate of Pilatre de Roziere and his friend; and after contemplating with a sigh, a simple pyramid on the heights that marks the spot where these two unfortunate aeronauts fell from the sky, Ellen bade her adieu to England, whose white cliffs stretched in a long line before the eye; the Channel appearing, from these high downs, like a majestic river or arm of the sea, of which the hills of Kent and Sussex form the opposite shore.

A few minutes more brought them into Boulogne, where the Baronet avowed that, to his agreeable disappointment, he had made two good dinners in France.

On approaching Abbeville, our travellers deviated a mile or two from the high road

road to the left, in order to pass through the village of Crecy—scene of the achievements of our third Edward; and again to the right, to contemplate the remains of architectural beauty, with which our triumphant ancestors adorned the city of Rue, then the seat of splendour, now a degraded, dilapidated burgh, seldom visited, and hardly known to the inquisitive traveller: yet this place and its neighbour, Le Crotoi, are rich in fragments of their ancient dignity; and one church, by its exquisite architecture, and rich profusion of most delicate sculpture, so engaged the attention of Ellen and of Sylvester, that night stole on them before they had finished the drawing they could not resist the temptation to make of it.

After passing through Amiens, a few stages brought them among the vine-covered hills; and they were led to remark the change of climate and cultivation from the land they had quitted, on seeing the vines spread over the fruit-

trees in each orchard, climb up every cottage chimney, and hang in festoons along the hedges, from tree to tree; while the extensive horticulture, on each side of the road, displayed a scene totally different from English cultivation, by which their attention was kept awake during the rest of the road. At length the domes of Paris, rising over the vast plain of St. Denis, announced their approach to the metropolis of France; and another hour set them down at the *Hotel Grange Bateliere*, near the *Boulevards*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"Enfant denaturé de la religion."

HENRIADE.

As our travellers were not in any haste to pursue their journey, or impatient to reach one place before they had accurately surveyed another, they generally took up their abode at pleasure, wherever they were likely to receive either amusement or instructive information. In the gay city of Paris, both gave promise of being obtained; and Sir Thomas hired a suit of apartments in an elegant hotel, as the grand mansions are styled in France, by the week. Here, therefore, Ellen, with a curiosity

osity natural in such an extraordinary case, desired to look over the papers found in the casket, which indeed the parties acquainted with the circumstance were as impatient for as what she was. They therefore gave orders, one morning, to be denied to all visitors, and Ellen, with Mr. Sylvester, sat down to their task; while the Baronet occupied himself with a book, till they had arranged those papers so as to be comprehensible. They were found to be memorials of Lady Duncarty, written in her native tongue, by which, it was presumed, she was little familiar with the English language, and being withal a good deal defaced by time and damps, they required both pains and patience to decypher. Mr. Sylvester had no grammatical knowledge of the Spanish tongue, but his familiarity with Italian and French enabled him to overcome this difficulty with little trouble: he therefore made, and Ellen wrote under his dictate, the following translation:—

"SHOULD

"SHOULD this packet ever reach your hands, my beloved husband, you will trace in it the last testimony of my affection: all I could do in life to prove it, I have done; what I can do now to certify it, is to die—yes, best of husbands, Isabella dies to convince you of her affection. Ah, my beloved, could she do otherwise! did Heaven permit her to live, to fold you once more to her heart!—But, vain is the wish—though Heaven is gracious, I expect not miracles in my favour. My heart is breaking—I cannot much longer endure its misery. You are absent from me, you whose presence could support, could sustain me beneath this weight of affliction—But now, now it is over, I hasten to lose my sorrows in the tomb. One year I bore your absence with patience—Religion was the source from whence I drew my comfort: the second—O fatal period! the second has

has overthrown my fortitude and my hopes.—My son, our boy, the heir of his father's honours, and, I had trusted, of his father's virtues—he, alas! I live to write it—he is lost, torn from us for ever. While hope cheered the dreadful prospect in the possibility of his restoration, I endeavoured to combat with my despair—but hope no more exists, and my further efforts are fruitless.—Is this a judgment for my disobedience, in flying from my parents and my country, to become the wife of Duncarty—a foreigner, and, as they term it, a heretic? Even then, severe is the punishment, though perhaps just the retribution. I shall not offend my God by arraigning his will, neither shall I insult the husband my heart selected, by deprecating Heaven's wrath in acknowledging myself to have erred, by becoming his wife. I broke one sacred tie for that husband, in resigning my filial duty: I shall not sever a second, by repenting of my conjugal vow—No, Dun-

carty, it was decreed I should be your wife, and the Power that ordained it is a just one; therefore, "whatever is, is right." Adolphus had just learned to pronounce the name of *father*—it was all his little tongue could distinctly articulate; and how often have I made him repeat it!—But I shall never hear it uttered from his lips again.—Great God! let me not irreverently tax thy divine will: I am sometimes tempted to murmur at it, when memory presses on me the recollection of past joys.—I must fly for a moment to the altar of my God, or madness will overtake me again.

* * * * * * * *.

"The sun had just beamed through the windows of my chamber one morning, when, as my usual custom, I called to one of my women to fetch my boy, that I might repeat the blessing which was his mother's last observance at night, and her first waking care. She withdrew to obey my orders, but returned not with the promptitude

promptitude she had wont to observe. I dispatched a second, and still waited impatiently the appearance of my little cherub. Neither of my messengers returned, and I rose to enquire myself the cause of this strange delay. In crossing the gallery leading to the nursery, I was met by my confessor, the good and pious Father Jeronome. 'Bless you, daughter,' said the worthy man, and laid his hand on mine.—'The same to you, good Father,' I replied, in a hurried manner—'But I pray you let me pass; I am going to enquire after my son.'—'Stay thee, Lady,' he cried, 'I would first speak with thee.' —'Not now, good Father,' I impatiently answered, while he yet held fast my hand —'I but wish to bless my Adolphus, and I attend you.'—'It must not, it cannot be,' cried he, in a determined voice—'Daughter, *I* must first be attended to.' Ah, Duncarty, a presentiment filled my mind of some mischance having arrived to my little darling; yet the commands

of

of Jeronome were so absolute, I durst not disobey them, and I suffered myself to be led by him into an adjoining apartment. 'Now,' cried I, 'tell me of my son—Is he well?' I don't exactly recollect the words addressed to me by the holy man, for my senses were in strange confusion; but they seemed to imply something of submission, resignation, and fortitude, with a great deal expressive of religion and piety, any of which I was incapable of summoning; for, when he informed me my boy was lost, stolen by unknown hands and incomprehensible means, I was insensible to every thing in existence but the calamity which had befallen me.

* * * * * * *

"Yet it is true, Duncarty, he is gone—Adolphus is lost to us!—Well! Be Heaven's will obeyed!—Yet it was hard—O it was dreadful!—I have not been rightly myself since—sometimes very, *very* ill; and such an oppression at my bosom, as though it was the struggle of Nature in her

her last effort: and my head, Duncarty —they wanted to cut off my hair, but you admired it, and I would not permit them: I think Adolphus's will be the same colour—I'm told he resembles me much. I don't know what I would say just this moment.

* * * * * * *

"How many messengers did I dispatch in search of him! The whole of the tenantry were in pursuit of him, for many weeks—not a vestige of my Adolphus could be traced, not a creature could be suspected, either within or without the house—no person of any description seen lurking about the place, to create suspicion. I have wearied my mind with conjecture—I have tortured it with——O it was a deep, *deep* laid plan!—But no matter—the blow has struck sure, and fatal.

* * * * * * *

"How peculiarly attentive to me is my good Father Jeronome! He exerts all his powers of eloquence to soothe my mind—

to

to give relief to my perturbed soul. It is only in my devotions I find a gleam of consolation.—Ah, were you here, Duncarty!—Shall I ever behold you again?—No, never—I feel that, in this world, there is no more happiness for me—in the next alone can I seek it. I wonder if Adolphus is an angel there—Methinks I could die in peace, to be assured he was gone thither before me. I'll go sleep—perhaps I may dream he is.

* * * * * * *

"I have not told you of the strange disturbances which prevail throughout the country—A class of banditti are on foot, I think they call 'White Boys.'—Could it be any of those factions which stole Duncarty's heir?—Yet, for what purpose would they do so?—a child, an infant. If for a ransom—O how joyfully would I redeem him with all my worldly worth!

* * * * * * *

"The domestics seem apprehensive of some

some evil design on the Hall, as many houses about the place have been broken open and plundered; and are particularly alarmed for this place, from the quantity of arms and ammunition deposited in the armoury, and from which they may provide themselves with requisites for defence in case of any attack. They wanted my orders how to conduct themselves: I had none to give, but referred them to Father Jeronome. All the orders I had to issue were respecting myself. They will shortly be called on to execute them, for I shall soon be at peace.

* * * * * * *

"The tumult becomes more serious every day, and the king's troops are stationed in various quarters to quell them.—How these occurrences distract me! My tranquillity is ever interrupted by the alarms of those around me. They talk of the Hall being first plundered, and then set fire to, as other houses have been served. Father Jeronome has been saying something

thing of my secreting my valuable jewels and papers; but, should these disturbers fire the house, of what avail would that be?—I'll think about it.—O my God, let my poor harrassed frame first find its last resting-place, and then——

* * * * * * *

"I have taken your picture from my bosom, Duncarty; it shall not fall into their sacrilegious hands. Methinks I'll hide it in the casket, where I can see and kiss it every day—the casket, the last gift to me of my dear aunt, the sister of Don Juan de Castalia. *He* was my father, Duncarty, and, I believe, once loved his Isabella—but she was then his *lovely* Isabella. Ah, could he behold her now, worn to a shadow, and sinking into a premature grave with a broken heart, he'd say my punishment was just; yet perhaps he might forgive me: I'll think so, for that idea soothes my troubled soul, and Jeronome assures me it is not a misplaced one. Good man, but for you I should drop into

to

to the silent tomb, without daring to hope my disobedience to my parents would meet with pardon of my heavenly one. Blessed was the moment that first induced him to seek Duncarty's mansion! for his counsels and pious assiduities have helped to invigorate my soul in its final struggle: yet I sometimes think I were better pleased he had been Father Austin, the gentle, humble confessor of my beloved aunt. He joined our hands, you may recollect, Duncarty, at the peril of his life, were it known; or, had our marriage by any chance been discovered before our flight from Spain, the Inquisition had silenced for ever *your* claims, and a convent been *my* doom. My dear respected aunt Isabella, I wonder does she ever think of me. How vain was she once of her niece! and how she loved her!—I wish she came to see me—methinks the sight of her would do me good: but there is no one comes near me now for whom I care, except Jeronome, and he is very kind. Well!

no

no matter: I'll go to heaven, and wait there *your* coming, Duncarty.

* * * * * * *

"I am very, *very* ill—I have placed the jewels in the casket, and deposited with them yours and my picture—But where now to secure them?—I'll think of it hereafter: at present I am wholly unfit for any worldly concern—I'll walk to the chapel; the air may revive me.

* * * * * * *

"I have visited the spot where my remains are to repose: I entered the vault to-day, and viewed the inscription on the coffin of Ferdinand, fourth Lord of Duncarty—your father, I presume. Methinks it would be a safe place to conceal the casket. At the head of the coffin is a niche between that and a broad flag which forms the entrance of the vault, and where, if I lay my treasure, and conceal it with a little loose mould, no person can ever suspect what's underneath it—My treasure, do I say! Ah, where is that?

where is the dear treasure that gave charm to my existence, in the absence of him who formed its first blessing?—Adolphus —I dream of him, I see him before me in my waking visions, I hear his voice in every passing gale; even from the tranquil confines of Death's solitary mansion, it broke on my ear like the faint murmur of the distant breeze. O vain chimeras of imagination, why do ye torment me?—Perhaps it is the unseen spirit of my cherub that called me hence. It was something —it was nothing—No; it was nothing but the vague ideas of my wandering fancy.

* * * * * * *

"I have placed with the jewels in the casket, all the title-deeds of your estates which I could collect, together with the will you made previous to your departure. The packet I am busy writing, and which has employed my pen at various intervals, I could wish to forward to you, but know not where you are to be found. Ten months,

months, ten long months, and I have heard nothing from you, Duncarty—But I must write on; it serves to detach my thoughts from horrible reflection.

* * * * * * *

"I grow weaker every day, and many days are passed over without my being sensible of their progress. What can be the cause of it, I wonder?—I am sure of being perfectly in my reason, however it may be debilitated by sorrow. At times, indeed, I feel a strange affection about my head, particularly when I recover from a heavy lassitude, which I am of late become subject to; but then I am not sensible of any derangement in my mind, for I comprehend every thing that passes round me.

* * * * * * *

"No one must know where I hide the casket: be sure you say nothing of it—it is for Adolphus—I bequeath it to him; and, should any ill consequences arise to his paternal mansion, from the apprehend-

ed attack of those rioters, the jewels are of sufficient value to repair his loss: and the deeds—they will be found of use likewise. Poor Adolphus, how delighted has he appeared to be, when I struck the organ to amuse him!—I hope they will not destroy it—His little hands have often pressed the keys, and then would he chuckle so at his own playful sounds. I dare not touch it now—no, its tones would jar my soul.

* * * * * * *

"Father Jeronome—I am angry with him: he insists that I go no more to visit the chapel. It is unkind of him, though he means it well; for it is the sole place wherein I derive serenity—at its altar our vows, my Duncarty, were a *third* time ratified. When I kneel before it, and offer up my prayers to Heaven for your preservation—for the restoration of my Adolphus, I am happier, I am calm, tranquil, and resigned: he should not debar me that consolation. My women too—

they

they seem disposed to coincide with him; but it will be all over ere long, and then, then they will not dispute my right of resting there without interruption.

* * * * * * *

"You will come and visit the tomb of your Isabella, my Duncarty; and if spirits of the other world are sensible of what pass in this, *mine* shall exult in beholding you drop a tear over it to the memory of our past loves—Past loves! our little Adolphus will remind you of them, when I am gone. I wish he were here, that he might receive his mother's blessing. He'll come by and by, I dare say, and kiss me, and call 'Father' so sweetly. Hark! what noise is that?—Shots!—Oh God, where's my son?"

"Ah!" cried Ellen, whose glistening eyes expressed the deep interest her sensibility experienced in the words her pen had traced, "it was not Duncarty alone

who embalmed with his tears the memory of his faithful unhappy Isabella; even from the tomb have revolving years revived the transcript of her sorrows, and beings then unborn now weep over their sad record.—In this melancholy recital," added she, "it is evident the mind's equilibrium was disturbed, and the poor afflicted Lady Duncarty was often insensible either to her miseries or her existence."

"That is indeed apparent throughout," returned Sylvester, who, as well as Sir Thomas, was much affected; "nor can it be wondered at, when we read the fatal causes which led to its overthrow."

"I am of opinion," remarked the Baronet, "that *that* circumstance is fully explanatory of those papers being so carelessly thrown into the casket. Their hasty conclusion, when her imagination must have been as suddenly terrified, evinces that, with the impulsive cunning of a disordered mind, she flung them into it at

at the moment of its being alarmed; and as we see the box closes with a spring, they were possibly beyond her reach or her recollection after. For the rest, or for the authenticity of either, we have no farther clue, and must be satisfied with our own conjectures; yet the disappearance of the infant is a matter of such astonishment to me, that, upon my word, I should be almost weak enough to imagine with old Connolly, some supernatural means had been employed in it, did I not apprehend there were those concerned in the base transaction, whom the unfortunate Lady Duncarty never once had suspicion of."

"And whom were those, think ye, papa?" enquired Ellen.

"My love," replied Sir Thomas, "when suspicion is all we have for attaching crimes of the blackest magnitude to particular objects, we should be cautious not to betray them, till fuller proofs established our opinion. It is not because *my*

mind ventures to judge unfavourably of certain persons, that I should attach obloquy to their characters, by openly aspersing the names of those who might as well have been innocent, and who, in the revolution of sixty or seventy years, are possibly gone to answer their *great* account: if they were guilty, Heaven is righteous and merciful; and if I have presumed to judge erroneously, I trust *its* forgiveness for a venial injury.—Sylvester," continued he, "were you ever in Spain?"

"Never, Sir Thomas," he returned—"it is a country I only know by accounts."

"I should like to go there," resumed the Baronet.

"Indeed, papa!" cried Ellen; "and to what purpose?"

"True, Ellen, my love, to what purpose, as you say?" answered he—"But old men are, at times, subject to whimsicalities, and this perhaps is one of *my* capricious

pricious moments.—It would be a strange thing, after all," continued he, musing, "should there be a regular descendant of the Duncarty family living."

"My dear papa," said Ellen, "what can put so extraordinary a thought into your head?"

"No, Baronet," replied Sylvester—"that, in my opinion, is not within the scope of probability; for I fear, and indeed I think it the only idea that can be decidedly rested on, that the child, no matter from what cause or motive, was, in the full acceptation of the term, 'made away with."

"I fear so," was the Baronet's answer, who immediately dismissed all further discussion of the subject, by proposing an airing to recruit their spirits; and Ellen, locking up the papers, prepared to attend him and Mr. Sylvester.

CHAP. III.

"Itaque cum sumus necessariis negotiis curisque vacui, tum avemus aliquid videre, audire, addiscere; cognitionem rerum aut occultorum aut admirabilium ad beate vivendum necessarium ducimus." *De Officiis, L. I.*

THE airing our party took this evening was towards the Botanic Garden, or *Jardin des Plantes*, as it is called—a promenade which Ellen, since her arrival at Paris, had often haunted with peculiar pleasure. The slight tincture of natural history Mr. Sylvester had the opportunity of communicating to her in their walks through the glades and lawns of Princely Hall, heightened the pensive gratification an unsophisticated mind feels in

in contemplating the different zones of the earth thus united, as it were, on one little spot, where " whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear," with " whatever sweets salute our northern sky," seem, as the poet of nature says of the genial climate of Italy, " together disporting to own their parent soil;" while the general arrangement of the ornamental parts of the garden, the freedom with which the exotic animals seem to roam in their respective enclosures, and, above all, the free and gratuitous access of the public to the inspection of the whole (a circumstance common to every museum of science or art in the French metropolis), conspire to keep up the illusion.

On their return, in the evening, to the hotel, they found a strange gentleman, an Englishman, had left his card, and the following letter, of which he was the bearer, from Emily Millbank to her dear young friend :—

"I NEED not tell you, my beloved Ellen, with what pleasure I embrace the opportunity of Lord Sheffield's journey to Paris, who has a particular introduction from my uncle to your father, of writing to you. I know you will smile, and say, 'the post-office was established some time before you left Ireland:' very true—but I have some slight reason for wishing to know what you think of my messenger, from which particular cause I appoint him my present letter-carrier, and will thank you to tell me, some time when you have nothing better to write about, your ideas, not so much of what he is, as what, under a few months good tuition, he might be. My uncle, who professes to be a judge of mankind, pretends there is not so much to do, as to undo about him: for myself, I pretend nothing at all—But more of this anon.

"Well, my Ellen, and how do you like the world, as far as you have seen it? and

and do the Parisian ladies dress as well as they do at Dublin? and are the shops as fine as in London? and does the sun shine as bright? and are the beaux very amiable? and have you laid out a great deal in laces and finery, &c.?—Answer me all these weighty queries in a breath, for I am *dying* to be informed.

"This young man, Lord Sheffield, was a pupil of Dr. Clayfield, who holds the first of his three preferments from the late Lord. I understand the Doctor bestowed a deal of pains to store the mind of his *elevé* with excellent classical knowledge, and succeeded well; but taught him nothing else, except a many of his own crude dogmatic notions, which his three years at Oxford do not seem to have done away: but he is a young man of an excellent heart, and a very good understanding. My uncle, who was one of his guardians, and in whom he has the most implicit confidence, has recommended to him to travel; and he has taken his advice,

vice, though with reluctance; for he says he is sure he shall meet with nothing good out of England: but, when he has seen you and Mr. Sylvester, he will find out his mistake.—My dear Baronet I say nothing of.

"This young Lord has a talent for literature too, and amuses himself with writing characters. A certain young lady that you know, with a deal more curiosity than discretion, asked him for her's, and I send it you, just to know what you think of his talent at miniature-painting.

'Though warm, yet generous, and though enthusiastic, yet sincere; the shafts of her resentment, often pointed with the barb of satire, are always feathered from the wing of integrity. She is called fickle, but it is by those who are themselves so; as the same landscape appears to wear different colours, when viewed through a cheerful, a gloomy, or a stormy sky. Continue to be the object that engaged her esteem, and her esteem will

will never change; but vary your own character, and her's shall seem to vary like the colours of the camelion.'

"I really think, my Ellen, something may be made of this young man; and as my uncle, it seems, has entreated Sir Thomas to permit him to travel under his wings, he will have his counsels and Sylvester's example to profit by; and I recommend him to your sisterly care and oversight."

The next forenoon the stranger repeated his visit; and, after delivering his credentials to Sir Thomas, with whom he had a pretty long cabinet audience, he was presented by the latter, with all due form, to his daughter and to Mr. Sylvester; and the Baronet, sacrificing "usage" to hospitality, requested leave to detain him for the day—a proposal which met his Lordship's most willing acquiescence.

Ellen liked the appearance of Lord Sheffield,

field, and her friend's introduction did not serve to weaken her approbation of him; neither was the Baronet displeased at finding this sprig of nobility wholly dispossessed of the frivolity of modern qualifications.

"It seems then, my Lord," said the Baronet pleasantly, after dinner, "that your old tutor's dread of *foreign parts* has not deterred your Lordship from putting your head out of the window—You still think it worth while to take a peep at the *second best.*"

"I was too grateful to the worthy Mr. Millbank for his counsels not to follow them," he replied; "and the first reward of my compliance has been the introduction to your amiable circle: but I candidly confess, Sir Thomas, I do not expect to fall in with any other compensation for the absence from my native land. It must be allowed, we are advanced at least a century before all our neighbours, in all the arts of polished life, in every grace

grace that adorns, and every convenience that gives zest to refined society; and our constitution, maintained in its purity by the patriotic unanimity of public spirit, spreads its broad wings over those enjoyments which other nations take only by stealth, and tremble while they taste them."

"*Esto perpetua!*" ejaculated the Baronet; when their attention being directed to a packet of English papers a servant had just fetched from the post-office, and laid on the table, "Look," says his Lordship, "at the spirit of popular independence and constitutional pride that breathes in every page of our newspapers;" while Ellen unconsciously read, as she sat, the following advertisement, which first met her eye:—

"Wanted, a seat in a certain assembly, for a gentleman of fortune, independency, and highest respectability. Letters, specifying all particulars, and *price*, addressed to N. K. No. 27, Frith-street, Soho, will

will receive due attention, and be answered immediately. The most profound secrecy will be required and observed.*"

Sir Thomas, with inborn politeness, anticipated what he supposed his Lordship's feelings, by instantly recalling the conversation to the first part of his remark. "In every invention," he observed, "that applies immediately to the luxurious comforts, or what has been called the *snuggisms*, of life, we have assuredly refined on all our neighbours, and carried the mechanism of elegant convenience to an inimitable perfection. Whether we are the happier for it, or whether we have not, by thus luxuriously anticipating every real want, only left ourselves more at leisure to indulge our national propensities to brood over imaginary ones, is another question; at least, we must acknowledge this taste for exhausting improvement on every invention, from a

* Morning Post, Thursday, May 17, 1804.

barouche

barouche down to a cork-screw, has certainly contributed more than any other cause to the superiority and extension of our national manufactures, and *perhaps* to the welfare of the multitudes employed in them. When we speak of the sciences abstractedly, I must be permitted to doubt the priority or pre-eminence we are apt to arrogate; and our literature, there is no doubt, has been drawn from the same source, and modelled on the same forms as that of our neighbours—I mean those of Greece and Rome."

"Necessity," said Mr. Sylvester, "is the mother of invention—

> 'Tum variæ venere artes; labor omnia vincit
> Improbus, et duris agens in rebus egestas;'

but leisure and abundance are the parents of science. Hence we find that the most propitious climes to nurse the infancy of speculative knowledge, are those where a warm climate and luxuriant soil provide almost spontaneously for the wants of man,

man, at the same time they diminish their number. It is only under such circumstances that the native activity of the mind urges him to a voluntary enquiry into the causes of things. Thus, the earliest progress in the exact sciences and in literature, of which history gives us any information, was made in the plains of Egypt: from thence they migrated into Greece; Italy then caught the flame, and Spain borrowed it from Italy. Thus the happy shores of the Mediterranean seem to have been destined, by nature, to preserve the spark of science alive, till more propitious circumstances enabled less favoured regions to warm themselves at her rays. It was not till later times, that France and England felt her influence: the literature of Germany was confined, till the last century, to theological controversy; and the North, till very recently, was involved in darkness. It was only when commerce, and the wealth it brings, had created leisure, and curiosity and interest

terest had united to waken the spirit of research, that our northern regions shewed any eagerness to profit by, and improve upon, the labours of earlier ages and happier climes We are told the first astronomers were the Egyptian shepherds: the pastoral muses of Greece and Italy certainly with us awoke the taste of serious poetry. In Britain, the plant of science thrives luxuriantly in the hot-bed of ease and patronage; but it is not her native soil, nor would she ever flourish here, had she never been transplanted. It will seem perhaps a strange confirmation of my hypothesis to say, that, when the literature of Greece and Rome travelled northward, it first took root in Iceland. The art of writing was in practice there in the year 1000; and before 1264, at which period Iceland became subject to Norway, there were five public schools established, in which youth were instructed in the Latin tongue, divinity, and some parts of theological philosophy: it

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was one of the few countries in Europe, and the only one in the north, where the sciences were cultivated and held in esteem. This is not surprising: though the climate of Iceland be rigorous, yet its productions, and those of the seas that surround it, provide abundantly for the necessities of its inhabitants, and furnish them a moderate overplus to exchange for the superfluities of other countries: their distance and insulation from every other territory, separated them from the political distractions of the continental states; the peace they enjoyed at home made them little regret the luxuries of southern Europe; the communication they had with them served to excite their curiosity, without demoralising their passions; and the severity of their long winters, by confining them within doors during their 'long nights of revelry and ease,' gave them abundant leisure to gratify their taste for ancient literature and philosophical enquiry."

"It

"It appears," said Lord Sheffield jocosely, "that, among their other anticipations of our refinements, these Icelanders, or their near neighbours, were the original inventors of *punch*, or of a beverage very much like it; for we find that, in their joyous revels,

'Pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.'

"Yet I do not see," continued he, "with what justice the attachment to drinking is made a matter of reproach to the northern nations of Europe, and our countrymen in particular. The universality of a fact often leads us to the cause that produces it. In all ages, I believe, we shall find the passion for strong liquors proportioned to the rigour of the climate, and length of the winter. Nature calls for a cheering stimulant to counteract the effect of the inclement seasons; and that same inclemency, condemning the unfortunate inhabitant of rigorous climes to a long

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and sedentary seclusion, induces drinking as a resource to cheer the tedious hours. The most sober nations of the world are the inhabitants of those zones that know no winter. In Europe, the Italians and Greeks, natives of a climate where it may be said that, with the interval of a very few weeks at most, 'one bright succession decks the varied year,' are proverbially abstemious from liquor. Happy inhabitants of a region where enjoyment and privation conspire alike to secure their comforts! But there is little merit in doing well in the absence of temptations: innocence itself is not yet virtue. Two causes unite in inducing the commonalty of the British islands to pour out more abundant libations to the jolly god, than perhaps their neighbours under the same parallel—great exertion and high wages. What fatigue calls for as a restorative, habit renders necessary, and gain enables them to indulge in sometimes perhaps to excess. But this is an evil which can only

only be done away by substituting, in its place, a far greater. What would become of our manufactures, if we reduced our workmen to the languid abstemious indolence of the Hindoos, or even the Italians? The forefathers of the latter, in the same climate, were, it is true, a far different race of men; but those lords of the earth knew, by old experience, all the properties of the generous ichor,

'Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam;'

and I often think," continued his Lordship, "that, if my countrymen were more sober, they would be less amusing. That immense variety of character and native humour which distinguishes us from all other nations, owes, I am persuaded, its developement in part to the freedom and careless confidence that liquor inspires. We might be more orderly, perhaps, but we should certainly be less amusing, were we more abstemious."

"It is certain," said Sylvester, "the

demoralisation of the lower classes of society in our manufacturing towns, has kept exact pace with the augmentation of their wages; so much so in certain places, that they have almost ceased to bear the marks of a civilized people, and represent little else than a horde of drunken savages. If the extravagant monstrosities of humour and character that arise out of such a chaos be a source of amusement, it must be that kind of pleasure a painter feels in contemplating the different *Temptations of St. Anthony*, or the pictures illustrative of Dante's Hell, that rival each other in rich variety of monsters, devils, and damned."

Lord Sheffield was preparing to reply to Mr. Sylvester, when a servant from Miss O'Callaghan announced tea being ready in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen were too gallant to permit of either argument or the bottle monopolizing the calls of beauty; therefore, with one accord, they rose up to obey her summons.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"——————— en quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros! en queis consevimus agros?"

VIRG.

ON quitting Paris, our travellers took the road of Lyons through Fontainbleau and Nevers, coasting the fair banks of the Loire to Bourbon, where they stopped a day or two at the waters. The weather was beautiful, and their attention was kept alive during the journey, by the change of scenery and variety of objects; though nothing occurred to deserve a particular relation, till, after ascending Mont Tarare, over which their carriages were dragged by oxen, on account of the length and rudeness of the ascent, their eyes

were regaled with the almost boundless prospect that spread before them. The stately city of Lyons appeared, with its towers and edifices, situated at the confluence of two noble rivers, the Saône and the Rhone, and almost surrounded by their waters: behind it spread a vast expanse of beautiful country, rich in immense variety, over-arched by an almost cloudless sky; each object brought nearer to the eye by the dry and clear atmosphere of France, giving to the distances a projection and relief unknown to the landscapes of more humid climes, which, to a painter unacquainted with these scenes, would seem rather picturesque than natural. Far to the right appeared the mountains of Auvergne; on the left those of the Jura; and, yet farther in front, the Alps of Savoy, over which Sylvester pointed out to his fair pupil two or three snow-white pyramidal or needle like projections, on which the passing accidents of an evening sky threw occasionally

ally a tint of rose or bright crimson: one of these was the summit of the awful Mont Blanc, the most elevated point of the old world.

They passed that night in the bourg of Tarare, and a few hours drive in the morning brought them into the ancient and yet splendid city of Lyons.

Lyons was then not recovered from the effects of revolutionary fury; its magnificent squares were yet strewed with the ruins of its palaces, bearing testimony to the horrid exploits of Collot D'Herbois and his "*Comité de Demolition.*" Our party returned to dinner, impressed with the spectacle of what none but an eye-witness can well believe—*a commission of destruction* appointed in cool deliberation, in order to reduce one of the most splendid cities of Europe into a heap of squalid ruins: and the ravages already committed served to shew how well the work of devastation would have been accomplished,

had its diabolical activity not been providentially stopped by a new order of things. The Baronet's philanthropic sensibility was fully awakened—he ate little at dinner, and said less.

"It is unfortunate," said Mr. Sylvester, endeavouring to divert the train of his patron's melancholy reveries, by generalising the conversation, "that the energy of men of great minds seldom keeps pace with their talents and their good intentions. In almost every instance where usurpation, or the abuse of power, has called for active resistance, they, whose genius is alone capable of awakening the torpid spirit of the multitude, and whose civic virtues can alone direct it to good, faint under the rude collisions that attend these dreadful, though sometimes necessary, appeals: the reins are instantly seized by the vicious and the weak, men who are aware it is to chance alone they can be indebted for importance. Such men

men are seldom deficient in energy: it fills up, both in their own esteem, and in that of the populace, the defect of every other merit. Their harangues, their actions, enter more easily into the conceptions of an ignorant and depraved mob: they flatter its vanity, its avarice, or its resentment, and they become omnipotent. Nevertheless, the consciousness that the hands which first raised still overlook them, broods on their darkling minds, and points to the universal weapon of imbecile tyranny—proscription. Every man's own head," proceeded Sylvester, "is the measure of his conceptions of human capacity; no intellect can form to itself a clear adequate idea of a greater sphere of ability than itself is endowed with. A man may conceive another to be capable of effecting purposes he cannot effect, by means he does not possess; he is aware that his physician is able to cure him of a disease, by prescriptions he is ignorant of; that his lawyer may carry him through

a good or a bad cause, by the exertions of an eloquent sophistry he has not studied; and that the captain of a packet-boat can convey him in safety across the stormy seas of Biscay, by that skill in navigation which experience and practice alone can give; but his notions of the possible extent or scale of human powers, will ever depend on the maximum of his own; in other words, a man cannot have a clear, active conception of a greater genius than himself; as we are told it is impossible any cement can be of greater hardness and tenacity than the material it is formed from. It is perhaps on this account that persons, of a certain scope of intellect, are rather mistrusted than admired, rather dreaded than respected: the world of fools fears the exercise of certain energies, because it has felt their inconvenience; but it is not entirely their fault, if they do not pre-conceive that the same exertion, however directed, would produce as important effects, and mark the same

same superiority. Hence it arises that popular energy is ever most obedient to the vicious, ever ready to destroy rather than to create, to condemn than to absolve; and hence we have seen that, in all countries, nothing is so absurd, nothing so impolitic, unjust, or horribly atrocious, that the dictator of the day can order or invite to, but a blind and furious populace will concur and aid in the perpetration of it."

"There is, I hope," interrupted Lord Sheffield, "one country at least under heaven to which this observation does in nowise apply, and I believe I need not name it."

"Let us not," answered Mr. Sylvester, "feed ourselves with the belief that our populace wears a different character: the leviathan is every where a leviathan. In Ireland, England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, the industrious peaceful inhabitant of the fields is alike humane, hospitable, and orderly: but these men are

seldom employed as the engines of demagogic fury; it is the mob of cities that has wrought the woes of France; and it is almost trivial to observe, that the scenes in Ireland, the riots in London in 1780, and earlier troubles, which we are apt to lose the recollection of in the lapse of centuries, prove that there, as elsewhere, the fury of the beast is in exact proportion to the energy of its exciting cause, and the weakness and tardiness of the force to be opposed to it. Our immortal Shakespeare has eternized the memorial of some of these disgraceful scenes; and nothing perhaps affords so great a proof of his genius, as the faculty he possessed of catching the manners, not *as they rise*, but *as they would rise*. He identifies himself so closely with the characters he draws, that even such of them as were then imaginary, and have appeared since, bear witness to the skill of the painter, and prove that, in copying from himself, he copied from nature. His most exact portraits

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are those whose originals existed only in his own fancy; and he is happier in his likeness when left to himself, than where he is aided or rather fettered by historic outlines. It is not possible to read the dialogues of the rebels in his Henry the Fifth, without being struck with their dreadful resemblance to Robespierre's demagogic scenes. They who have been witnesses of those scenes, must think they are reading the *Journal de la Montagne*, or the proces verbal of a *societé populaire*, in the worst period of jacobinical fury:

"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king, as king I will be."

"And Cade," replied Lord Sheffield, "expresses with equal truth the hidden secret of Robespierre, when he makes him say,

"There shall be no money—all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me, their lord."

"There is little doubt," resumed Mr. Sylvester, "that the ultimate views of the anarch were the establishment of a new theocracy, of which his atrocious vanity led him to aspire to be the head; but he found that men of sense are 'stubborn stuff;' and no other course was left him, than to exterminate the rich through avarice, and the enlightened through fear, in hopes to reign, at last, over a horde of slaves, dancing in fetters on the reeking earth, that scarcely covered their murdered fathers."

"I know not if it has ever been observed," said Sir Thomas, "that, in all state-commotions, in the agitation of all political questions, the part of the public most immediately and most warmly engaged, is always that class of the community who, from their education, are least capable of understanding, and, from their situation in society, least liable to be affected by the question: in all such cases, the 'lean-looked prophets' of the populace are the first to 'whisper fearful change;'

change;' and it may perhaps be laid down as an axiom, that the tumultuous interest which agitates the vulgar, is in inverse ratio of their means of knowing the merits of the question. Thus, in the disgraceful riots occasioned by the fanaticism of Lord George Gordon, though the toleration, against which they set their faces in defiance of law and order, was accorded by the legislature afterwards, had the populace only got drunk, and slept away the period during which the question was decided, no influence it had on their future welfare would ever have made them know it had been debated, or that such a sect as the catholics was in existence. Thus, on a more recent occasion, the proposed catholic emancipation has opened the cry of every porter-club and twopenny 'Eye of Reason' in the land; and, while the sage and the statesman consume the midnight oil, in weighing, with the cool patience of analysis, the certain advantages and possible inconveniences

conveniences of the measure, a horde of journeymen barbers, or gentlemen pastry-cooks, will unite in endeavours to set the empire in flames, by virtue of those cabalistic terms, *church* and *state*, of which none of them know, nor, during their whole lives before, troubled themselves about the meaning—'Eat thy pudding, slave, and hold thy tongue."

"In extending and facilitating the means of instruction," observed Lord Sheffield, "we can alone hope to stifle the turbulency of ignorance: by teaching mankind the value of civilized existence, we appeal at once to their understanding and their interest, and awaken the most powerful incentives in its favour. Like timid children, or purblind horses, the populace sees a bugbear in every thing it does not understand; and, being already hoodwinked, its sphere of vision is so narrow, that the object of its dread is constantly that of its contemplation. Let us take off his winkers; he will see both farther

ther and clearer, and not fall into a pit while he is eyeing a scare-crow."

"The different classes of mankind," rejoined Mr. Sylvester, "in what is called *civilised*, but which might perhaps, with more accuracy, be termed *organised* society, are so different in their views, means, and enjoyments, that it is perhaps treating the question unfairly, to pronounce on the result of civilization upon mankind in the aggregate. I believe it may be laid down as an unquestionable axiom, that that state is the most happy, in which the means are most proportionate to the wants, and where the multiplication of new desires goes hand in hand with the powers of gratification. If this be admitted (and it will scarcely be called in question), it should seem that the advantages of civilization are exclusively in favour of the opulent and the enlightened. 'Knowledge is power;' but theory and melancholy experience concur in proving, that the re-union of multitudes tends

tends only to increase their desires *at the expence of their means;* to exchange, for actual enjoyments, artificial wants, the offspring of curiosity, envy, and imitation; to tempt to the gratification of them, by means illicit in themselves, and punishable by society; thus substituting prisons for contentment, and gibbets for temperance; while a deluge of evil passions, children of ignorance and abasement, canker and pollute the native candour of the heart. The natural remedy to these evils is instruction: 'knowledge is power;' and ignorance and vice, in organised society, are synonimous. But, can a populace be enlightened without ceasing to be populace? Can we, without destroying the contexture of what is called refined society, instruct the multitude? Here we arrive at the real issue of the question. Do we not, by equalising knowledge, reduce mankind to that state of moral and physical equality, out of which we suppose it to have arisen?—It

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is to be doubted if, were the mass of a people instructed, they would submit to that moral abasement that constitutes the ground-work of the pyramid of society; they would at least become indisposed to obey, in proportion as they became able to command: and, on the other hand, the 'Corinthian order,' with whom title, and privilege, and luxury itself, in ceasing to be exclusive, would lose their value, might be expected to decline in patriotism, as it did in dignity, and become indifferent to an order of things which was no longer calculated for its exclusive advantage: and yet it is little less than blasphemy to presume the intention of the Creator to be, that that constitution of society he looks down on with complacency, and approves, should necessarily preclude four-fifths of his creatures from the exercise of those faculties he himself implanted in them thus in vain. How is this contradiction to be reconciled?"

Connolly cut the attempt short, by throwing

throwing open the door of the dining parlour, and abruptly entering, his white locks half erect with surprise and awe, and his eyes and mouth wide open, while he approached the Baronet, and exclaimed, clasping his hands, "He's cumin, your Honours; he cumin, he's cumin!"

"And who the devil is coming?" cried Sir Thomas.

"Not the divil at all, the Lord save us, your Honour," replied the agitated servant, "but his rivirind Holiniss the Pope."

"Sing 'O be joyful,' Connolly," said the Baronet, with a smile.

"I jist hard the whole news consarning of him," resumed the butler—"The holy Fadther himsilf has sit off from a town they calls Marsills, to go iviry inch of the way to Paris; and all the world, and the world's modthir, is to meet his Holiness at sum whire ilse; I forgits the Frinchified name of it. Now, if his Honour wu'd be jist aftir cumin there, instid of goin

goin acrass the big mountains he talks of, och, but we shu'd see his Rivirince in all his glory thin!"

"To Avignon?" said Mr. Sylvester—"It would indeed be taking an immense circuit to cross the Alps."

"Arrah, now what signifies that, Mr. Sylvistir," replied Connolly, "if his Honour's but agrèble to it? And there's to be sich luminations, and sich a do, as was nivir seed since, nor afore: and they say that all the streets *thorough* Paris is to be kiver'd width goold vilvit carpits, and the houses to be ornigatid width the most beautifullest tapistries, and silver lamps; and thin the ladies *is* to be all drist out in dimonds and pirls, and silks and satins, for to go see the crownation—O if your Honour had but jist stid there to see the grand *sith!* and our Miss Ellen wu'd have been among 'im as butiful as iny of 'im at all at all."

"And did not I tell you, Connolly," said the Baronet, with great pretended gravity,

gravity, "before we left Princely Hall, that possibly you might see the Pope on your travels? and you shall find I spoke with some truth, though without giving you the trouble of journeying as far as his Holiness's territories. You shall be gratified, my old fellow—We'll set off immediately for Avignon, and then you have nothing to do but get his blessing, or kiss the hem of his garment, and the tally of your sixty years sin and iniquities is made fair to begin a fresh score."

Connolly perceived a smile on the countenance of the gentlemen, which plainly indicated himself to be the subject of it. He knew the latter part of Sir Thomas's speech was a jest on his credulity, which his faith in improbabilities had often given rise to before; but he thought this too serious and too important a matter to be treated lightly: and, as he had neither the abilities nor the inclination to enter into a controversy with such prejudiced and able disquisitors, he very wisely pocketed

pocketed the Baronet's sarcasm, and retired in silence; though firmly determined, whether it absolved him or not from past transgressions, to mix with the multitude, and, with God's blessing, obtain that of his vicar-general on earth.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Humana ante oculos fæde cum vita jaceret
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione
Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans"

LUCRET. L. I. v. 63.

THE following morning our party left Lyons, and, not being embarrassed with their own horses, embarked themselves, their baggage, and carriages, on the Rhone, to descend to Avignon. Having hired an elegant extra bark for their sole use, they were perfectly *en famille*; and Sir Thomas was particularly delighted with this aquatic part of their tour, as it gave such relief to his gouty limbs: he could

could contemplate, at leisure, the fair scenery that arose from each shore of this majestic stream, while he reclined quiescent on a couch, as though in his own garden-parlour, at Princely Hall: the season, too, was growing very warm, and the glowing air of Roussillon rendered the breezes that played on the surface of the flood inconceivably delicious. After making a voluntary halt at Pont St. Esprit, to view the august ruins of its neighbourhood, they arrived, towards the close of the third day, at Avignon.

There, as Connolly predicted, the holy Father was arrived before them, and all was exulting confusion.—Before the Revolution, Avignon had belonged in sovereignty to the papal see; and, though in the bosom and center of France, always formed a striking contrast to the territory that surrounded it, from the mechanical devotion and the manners of its inhabitants, who pride themselves on being "*doux comme des Italiens.*" From the number

number of its steeples and bells, Rabelais ludicrously entitles it, "The ringing island;" and it merits no farther notice, after observing that three-fifths of its population, which is not inconsiderable, always consisted of priests, monks, mendicants, and lawyers.

Our party could find no accommodations at a public hotel during the sojournment of his Holiness, as every place of the kind was already full; but fortunately the interest of one of the landlords where they stopped, who perhaps hoped to profit by his attention, procured for them very handsome lodgings, in a private house belonging to an English gentlewoman: Connolly and the other Irish servants were particularly delighted, as there was an English woman-cook in the house, with whom they could converse in a language known to them, and receive some information they could understand.

The very first day of their arrival, the old butler, whose thoughts, for the present,

sent, were centered on one object, and who was watchful to seize every opportunity that might accomplish his hopes there, appeared very impatient to have dinner over; and no sooner was the cloth removed, than he whispered in Sir Thomas's ear, to know if his Honour had any commands for the evening.

"Why, Connolly," said the Baronet aloud, "have you an appointment already with your mistress to-night?"

"No, plase your Honour," replied the poor man, very gravely, "but Patrick and I wu'd wish to attind in the procission this aftirnoon."

"As if one appointment hindered the other," answered the Baronet—"No, Connolly; I wish you heartily better business, but I can find you none; so go, in God's name—only keep out of harm's way."

"The saint *Aspirgoir* will go afore the blissid host, your Honour," said Connolly.

"Very true—I had forgot that," replied Sir Thomas, with affected gravity—"At least, Connolly, the holy Father may say to you all as much as the new bishop of Amiens whispered the people, while he sprinkled them right and left, in descending the aisle—'If it does you no good, it will do you no harm.*"

Connolly, between his reverence for religion and his veneration for his master, always felt ill at ease under these, as he thought, ill-timed pleasantries. The benevolent Baronet felt for, and dismissed him, to follow his own pleasure for the evening.

"How different is all this mummery," said Lord Sheffield, rising from his tabouret in the balcony, where the party had just been viewing a ghostly pageantry, of which the only man that seemed ashamed was the hero of the ora-

* This was actually practised by a philosophical bishop under the Concordat.

tion;

tion; for his Holiness evidently was more fatigued than his dais-bearers, and his countenance seemed to shrink, with ill-concealed disgust, from the grotesque honours that surrounded him—"how different," exclaimed Lord Sheffield, "are these mummeries, from the affecting ceremonial of our litany and ritual—august in its simplicity alone! But the contrast is yet greater between the complicated absurdities that compose their liturgy, and the sublime and plain construction of our faith. No wonder at the increase of systematic atheism in France; it is the country of all Europe where the collision of intellect with absurdity is the rudest."

Lord Sheffield was a young man of excellent parts, and, whenever he reasoned for himself, reasoned to the purpose; but his education, under the private tuition of Dr. Clayfield, had, unfortunately for him, been wholly synthetical: every set of opinions had been presented rather to his memory than his understanding, in a

cathechistic form. It is needless to add, that, under this form, each dogma is taken for granted, its difficulties rather hid than eliminated, and its absurdities kept carefully out of sight. In the simplicity of theory he had been led to admire, he had overlooked that corner-stone of intolerancy, on which the whole fabric of the new, or *evangelical* school, as it presumptuously calls itself, reposes.

"Certainly," said Mr. Sylvester, "in the two most enlightened countries of Europe, I need not say England and France, the re-establishment of catholicism in the one, and the progress of calvinism in the other, tend, more than ever, to throw weak minds into the arms of atheism, in mere self-defence. It is of very little consequence whether a man be told he is d——d for being an unbeliever, or that he is an unbeliever because he is d——d: but the catholic adds, 'you may believe if you will, only submit your reason; make a sacrifice of its speculative licentiousness

licentiousness on the only subject where it is forbidden, at the shrine of infallibility, and you are saved.'—It is a poor exchange you are going to make. Rather than suspend the exercise of an incompetent intellect, you are resolved to annihilate it; like the fool who would not believe in number, because he could not comprehend infinity."

"It is not necessary," interrupted the Baronet, "absolutely to do away all idea of the Divinity, in order to get rid of our fears of the future: in fact, it is much less his existence, than the prolongation of our own, that disturbs the repose of modern infidels. The rest is not worth contesting."

"Heaven and our immortality are identified," said Sylvester—"If the existence of man be limited to his present sphere, no desire, no pursuit, no duty, can be put in competition with the preservation and prolongation of life; even the search of gratification and enjoyment

must be subservient to it; every other motive must become subordinate to this great and exclusive end of his being. The impulse of glory, the wish to live in the page of history, the sense of honour, the hope of public or private gratitude, the love of order, which is no other than the love of virtue, become futile and criminal; futile, because they cease to have an object; criminal, because they turn the individual from the care of his own existence, and eventually tend to endanger it: and yet man learns, untaught, to entertain those wishes, those views; feels untaught that he has social duties to fulfil, social rights to maintain, oppressions to resist, succours to bring; that, not merely the conviction of duty, but the impulse of inclination, and the necessity to work his own satisfaction, call him irresistibly to compromise his safety, and to endanger his moments, for the accomplishment of social ends. He wants neither priest, oracles, nor revelations, to

spur

spur him on; every climate, every age, feels the same irresistible stimulus: the savage warrior, the Indian bonze, and the christian martyr, are borne with equal confidence and enthusiasm through the agonies of torture and death.—Is Nature then in contradiction with herself? Does the constitution of man give itself the lie? If it be so, then are we authorised to call in question the wisdom, or the power, or both, of that Being from whom he holds his own. If man be not immortal, he is made wrong, and we may more than suspect him to be the offspring of blind chance. It has been said, that, if man be mortal, the existence of the Deity becomes an indifferent question. I say, the question is, in that case, resolved: they are incompatible propositions.—But what alternative," continued he, " has Calvinism to offer? What refuge from irreligion on the one hand, or black despair on the other? A doctrine that sets out by telling the unfortunate enquirer, he

was predisposed of before time began; that, if he is not noted from eternity in the book of life, he may as well forbear his efforts, suppress his wishes, and desist from bribing Heaven with good intentions. What are their vaunted theological virtues, their wrestling piety, their struggling with Heaven?—a vile modification of self-interest: their thankfulness for exclusive redemption?—an impious sentiment of fawning egotism: their love of the brethren?—hatred of all mankind; for they must hate those whom their God has made and doomed to be hateful: their notion of immediate personal providences working, at each instant of their lives, in fulfilment of the views of eternal prescience, alike to the accomplishment of their own salvation and of their neighbours' perdition?—the consummation of blasphemy."

"It is not so much the peculiar tenets of our church," resumed Lord Sheffield, "on which little practical stress is laid by many

many of its most distinguished professors, and from the literal severity of which public opinion is daily retrenching; though many, and, among others, my worthy tutor Dr. Clayfield, are of opinion far too much is retrenched already, that provokes my admiration; it is the pure strain of universal charity, humility, and real unaffected piety, that pervades its discipline, and all its institutions. When we fast, for example, it is not by idle routine, like these people, who, losing sight of the object of its appointment, see in the institution nothing more than a change of voluptuousness, a pretext for adding zest to, by varying the modes of, gluttony. Our fasts are fewer, but of solemn import, enjoined by the highest authority, recommended, by the voice of the church, on momentous and adequate occasions, and conformed to with zeal and reverence by an united people."

"The only apology," answered Mr. Sylvester, "that a government can make

for having recourse to this extravagant insult on common sense and real religion, is the necessity of stimulating the mind of the populace, and awaking it to a sense of public danger. But how easy is it to prove that the means is as inefficient as it is immoral! There exists then a prerogative, in virtue of which the temporal sovereign enjoins me, on a stated day, to repent of my sins. Every injunction binding on the public, is so on each individual that composes it: but, need it be added, that, as conscience and crime are individual, so must repentance be also; or are we to understand that he, who has no crimes to repent of himself, is called upon to invoke pardon for others? But the constitution avows no such theocratic authority; it can only amount to an admonition, and ought to wear the forms of one. Did we, by wearying Heaven with our prayers, succeed in destroying the germ of liberty, and rivetting the chains of our fellow-subjects in America? or did the

the Almighty give a greater blessing to our more recent efforts, for the obtention of *indemnity for the past and security for the future?* One of the worst effects of this measure is, perhaps, its tendency to create a spirit of patriotic idolatry, by strengthening that notion the illiterate of all ages have been addicted to, and which, in my opinion, is little less than polytheism; I mean, reducing the Creator and common Father of all mankind to the rank of a tutelary genius, of a local deity. Is not your God the God of your enemies also? Do they not, or may they not, with equal propriety, invoke him against you? Are they not as much his children as yourselves; and, in case of preference, should not the force of numbers bear the day? The God of your fathers is also the God of their fathers: the European, the African, the Hindoo, and the Carib, are as much the objects of his protection as yourselves: and which god

of your forefathers do you call upon? Is it the god of the Norman invasion, that howls on the wild winds of the New Forest, and listens complacent to the curfew's sound? Is it the deity who presided over those happy centuries, when 'whole years of havock urged their destined course, and through the kindred squadrons mowed their way?' Is it that divinity from whose altar was stolen the brand that lighted up the fires at Smithfield, and streamed a lurid light on the midnight horrors of the Irish massacre? Is it the black demon that whispered perfidy, usurpation, and murder, in the ear of the misguided Stuarts? Perchance the god of the slave trade!—Whenever this measure becomes necessary, it has long ceased to be adequate. No country, whose manners are simple and whose politics are pure, has ever recourse to such impious puerilities. Switzerland, Geneva, never appointed extraordinary days of penitence

nitence on political occasions. Their frequency both gives the measure of public immorality, and aggravates it yet more: they are an avowal to what extent the manners of a nation are corrupted, and they corrupt at the same time its opinions."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

" All faiths are to their own believers just,
For none believe because they will, but must.
Faith is a force from which there's no defence,
Because the reason it does first convince;
And reason conscience into fetters brings,
And conscience is without the pow'r of kings."

DRYDEN.

" THANKS be to God," piously ejaculated Connolly, who was just returned from his pilgrimage, as he decanted some wine in the kitchen for supper, which Sir Thomas's French and the English woman-cook of the house were employed in preparing.

" Amen for a good supper," answered the latter.

" Et

" Et du bon vin avec," replied the Frenchman.

" For the apostolic blissin," said Connolly.

" Tout cela varé good," resumed Monsieur le *Chef;* " mais ne remplit pas l'estomac."

" Give me a slice of a sirloin," cried Madam Bull, as she made some sandwiches from one, " and let who will take the Pope's blessing, and all the cardinals with it, for me."

" Yu're no cristhan," said Connolly, with a look of displeasure at her.

" I am no Jew then," cried the woman good humouredly, " for I can eat pig, on a Friday too; and I'm sure I'm no Turk, for I could drink a drop of that wine every day in the week, without making a wry face at it; that is, if you'd give it to me, Mr. Butler."

" Yu're a hathinish daity though," he replied, " and that is worse nor ether; for

for they don't bilive in nothin at all at all."

"Then I am not a heathen," said the cook, "for I do believe."

"Psha!" contemptuously retorted the indignant butler, "what do yursilf know about it?"

"I believe," said she, not regarding his words or looks, "that all that galanty-shew about his Holiness has more of ostentation than religion in it; and I believe that a blessing from your good master, Sir Thomas, to be worth all the Pope could give in seven years; and, if my creed is not as good as many in the world, put me standing in a white sheet behind the church-door, as an example to all unbelievers."

"The Lord have marcy upon us!" exclaimed Connolly, raising his hands and eyes, till only the whites of the latter were visible—"The Lord have marcy upon us!"

"Le

"Le pauvre homme est il donc malade?" cried the Frenchman, turning towards him, "he make a such grimaces. Gete him a goute d'eau de vie—som brandee."

"Send to the sacristain for two sous worth of *eau benite*," cried the incorrigible Mrs. Cook; "a sprinkling of that will recover him soonest."

"Wicket woman," exclaimed Connolly, "where do you ixpict to go after yu're did?"

"Into my grave, to be sure," she replied with the same cool indifference, that but served the more to aggravate the poor butler—"I warrant you I won't be kept above ground, as a saint."

"And, as a vile sinner," he cried, "what's to bicum of yur pracious sowl?"

"What God pleases," she answered; "and I hope he'll not condemn me, because I don't believe the Pope can draw blood out of a turnip."

"O yu're a wicket shameless cratur," cried

cried the enraged butler, "and knows no more of raligion nor a dog does of a holiday."

"I am an unworthy member of the church of England, as by law established," replied the cook.

"So the peepel say that's goin to be hanged," said Connolly, with something between a grin and a smile of satisfaction at his witty retort; "and I suppose that is to be a part of yur last dyin spach and confission."

"And beware," replied she, significantly nodding her head at him, "should it prove so, that I am not the most unwelcome visitor you ever had in your life afterwards."

The poor butler, whether in jest or earnest, never relished the idea of a *ghostly* visitant, from a firm faith that such things were; and now looked round with apprehension, lest there should be one perched at his elbow.—"I'll not live in the house width you," he exclaimed, and his words,

at

at the moment, most truly conveyed the wish of his mind to be apart from her.

"Agreed," cried she; "only let us divide it fairly, old man—you take the outside and I keep the in."

"I'll till yur Lady of all yur clandecint ixprissions," he answered.

"Aye, do," said she; "and be sure to add, that I don't care a fig for ——."

"For her?" quickly interrupted Connolly.

"The Pope!" said she, with a vociferous loud laugh, that, wholly disconcerting poor Credulous, he turned indignantly on his heel, and left his victorious opponent in possession of the field.

Poor Connolly, compleatly routed by the obstinate scoffer at his faith, and, with all the terrors of superstition floating in his mind, scarcely concluded himself safe (notwithstanding the gracious benediction) under the roof with his impious antagonist. He repeated his prayers without

out number before he went to bed; and though, when on his pillow, the powerful encroachments of sleep mingled them in confusion on his lips, yet did he start at every noise, till the drowsy god, compassionating his feelings, wrapped them in forgetfulness, and the good old man snored away all remembrance of the past, or fears of the present.

His first thoughts in the morning, however, were of Mrs. Spitfire the cook; and he determined to lay matters before the Baronet, and, if possible, engage him to quit a house unhallowed to him by its prophane resident. But poor Connolly had another ordeal to pass with Sir Thomas, who had postponed any interrogations the night before, from a persuasion that the mind of his enthusiastic butler was not prepared for an attack; little aware how much it had already been discomposed in another quarter. Connolly, however, had the start of his master in opening

opening the budget: he entered the breakfast-room with a countenance brimful of communication.

"Yur Honour," he began, "is not safe under the roof of this house; for I varily bilive, God betwuxt us and all harm! that the divil himsilf is in it, in the shape of a woman."

"If he comes in the shape of a woman, and a handsome one," said the Baronet, smiling, "I don't know how any of Adam's sons can resist the tempter; not even *you*, I fear, Connolly, though with the recent blessing of the church's head to shield you."

"To be sure, yur Honour, they are nate craters for a sartainty," said the old man, "but thin a body wudn't like to be sint to ould Harry by one of im, for all that; and, unliss we git out of this house as fast as we can, why, we have nothin to ixpict but that iviry modther's sowl of us will be blown thorough the roof of it sum night or tothir."

The

The Baronet looked astonished.

"Yes, yur Honour," he went on, "it's a did sartinty. There's Mrs. Cook below stairs, an arrant graceless jacobine, that has no fear of God nor man afore her eyes; and as to the Pope, she sid he was no bittir nor he shud be, nor so good as yur Honour's own silf. Now you know, Sir Thomas, though I love and rispict you more nor if you was my own born fadther or modther; and a good right I have to do it, bekays all my giniration got brid by you, ixcipt poor Phelim, my aunt Judy's ildist son by my fadther's side, that died whin he was no bigger nor Jim Tobin's buther tub.—Jim lived nixt door facing us, your Honour, and Phelim wud be always aftir goin there, whiniver he cud git a hot praty in his fist, to stale a scrape out of the tub, though, to be sure, he cudn't rache up to it; and so he died one day, and he was as pritty a slip of a boy as ivir my two eyes lucked at, though I nivir see him,

him, bekays he was in his grave miny a long day afore I know'd him.—But, as I was a saying consarning the cook, though yur Honour is as gud a master as ivir a sarvant or no sarvant had, yet yur Honour is not the Pope, you know, and, saving yur prisance, Sir Thomas, his Holiness is not to be comparisun'd to no living sowl at all at all."

"And pray, my good Connolly," said the Baronet, interrupting him, with much apparent gravity, "to which object does your present communication direct itself?—to the cook, the butter-tub, Phelim, Jim or the Pope?"

"Why, I'm jist goin to till yur Honour," answered he, "it's a mortal sin, we all know, to spake disparagently of his Holiness; and no look nor grace can be upon the house that dus it, bekays the Pope is no man at all."

"So I've heard of one Pope," replied Sir Thomas, smiling, "but I never understood the same of any other: yet, as you

you seem to be better informed on the subject, Connolly, pray, of what nature may he be?"

"Why, yur Honour," said Connolly, who looked very doubtful of his own abilities at an explanation, "I know will enuff what to say, but sumhow I can't put words upon it, but I believe his Holyniss is what they call incomprehindible."

"Something in your way," muttered the Baronet between his teeth.

"And infallible," continued Connolly; "therefore, yur Honour, he can be no mortal cratur."

"But," said Mr. Sylvester, who seldom took part in the old butler's incomprehensible arguments, "what has all this to say to the devil's being in the house, or the possibility of its being blown up?"

"Why, Sir, that's jist the thing I am going to talk about," answered Connolly. "Mrs. Cook being a viry wicket woman, that misbelieves iviry thing about his Holiniss,

liniss, and ates mate iviry day a dog wud do, by her own confission, what is she bittir nor a vile sinful imp, that we shud all be afeard of our lives of?"

"A wicked creature, to be sure," said the Baronet, pretending to scratch his chin, that he might conceal the ready smile which was on his lips, while Ellen bit hers from the same cause; "and, as you are so good a christian, Connolly," he continued, "I suppose you never broke a fast in your life?"

"Nivir, yur Honour, but onest," replied the man, "whin I was viry bad in the yallow jaunders."

"I wonder, Connolly," said Sir Thomas, "whether Father Dunlavie ever ate meat of a Friday?"

"Arrah thin, to be sure its himsilf that nivir did, yur Honour," he replied—"But I rimimbir a story I hard of a priest; I'll jist till it, Sir Thomas, in two words: He was at sum fine grand table one day, I suppose like yur Honour's at Princely

Hall, and there was as butiful a turbot at the hid as ivir was tasted, and lobstur sauce, I'll be bound for it, in *galore*, for a turbot wud be nothin at all widthout it: so his Rivirince ate plintiful of the fine fish, and still the master was for hilpin him to more, bekays, knowin it was Friday, and that he wudn't touch the mate. But there happined to be a nate piece of roast vale at the fut, I doesn't know whidther it was a line or a brist, but I believe it was a fillet nicely stuffed; and all the company I suppose threw down their knives and forks, and stared like stuck pigs, whin his Rivirence axed to be hilped to a taste of it: so, width that, the gintilman of the house says, says he, 'I thought yur Rivirence,' says he, 'nivir ate flesh mate on sartin days of the week.'—'O but,' sid the priest, says he, 'I ate both whinivir I see im afore me, and don't think it no sin at all.'—'I only thought,' sid the gintilman, who, to be sure, did not like to offind

find his guist, 'I only thought it was a part of yur religion to abstame from it at those times.'—'And so it is,' answered the tothir; "but I don't think we do wrong whin we follow the commandmints, and for which rason I ate the fish in rimimbrance of my fadther, who was as good a catholic as ivir was born, and I ate the mate from rispict to my modther, who was as honist a prodistint as ivir wint into a church door.'—Now, yur Honour," continued Connolly, "no body can say that was a bad christan at all, bekays he dun it out of honour to his parints' sowls; but what has Mrs. Winny, the cook, to say for hirsilf?"

"That, not being of your persuasion, Connolly," replied the Baronet, "she acts agreeable to her own; and you have nothing to reprove on that head. If Mrs. Winny's faith in improbabilities be not quite so implicit as yours, I don't know that that is to be set down as the weakness of her understanding, or the wicked-

ness of her heart, or even that the profaneness of her sentiments renders any person here liable to be endangered by them; yet, as you seem apprehensive of her evil influence, Connolly, suppose——"

"Evil, yur Honour!" repeated Connolly, hastily interrupting his master—"Why, didn't she till me flat and plain, Sir Thomas, that her ghost shud cum to me aftir she was did? and who knows but, out of spite, the divil may timpt her to hang hirsilf, to make her words true?"

"Aye, that's very possible, to be sure," said the Baronet, with a most sagacious countenance; "and, what's more to be dreaded, Connolly, a wicked-minded woman is even worse than the devil. But suppose, I say, you were to bribe her into good humour; for, to tell the truth, I am so perfectly satisfied with my situation in this house, that, in spite of pope or devil, I am determined to keep my ground while I remain in this town.—But here—here, Connolly," continued he, taking two louis

louis d'ors from his purse, "give these to Mrs. Winny, with my compliments, and tell her, if she does not receive them as a bribe for future peace, I beg she will as a reward for past cookery."

Connolly did not exactly know how to construe the Baronet's words; there might be satire in them on himself, but they implied as much at one side as the other: however, as he believed the golden offering he held stood no trifling chance of obtaining Winny's favour, it was less his thoughts to develope Sir Thomas's meaning, than to secure his own personal safety; and he therefore withdrew to execute his commission, without offering any attempt at an explanation. The Baronet, as well as Miss O'Callaghan and Sylvester, had thereby an opportunity of freely indulging their restrained merriment, which they did most abundantly at poor Connolly's expence, and were in the full enjoyment of laughter, when the old butler again made his appearance with a let-

ter for Sir Thomas, which, at that moment, had been delivered at the door; and the Baronet, breaking the seal, said, "Well, I imagine here is something new for our amusement this morning, for this is an effusion from that sprig of fashion, Ned Newburgh. Do you read it, Ellen."

Ellen took the letter and read aloud.

"DR BART,

"HOPED before this to have joined you in Paris, but diddled in style—cut up and cut out, distanced all to nothing.—O, damn me, a hollow thing--Highflyer thrown out the first heat—no more use of his spindles than a three-legged stool.—Newmarket Will did me neatly—Sink the turf, and all jockies, Jews, and black-legs — Every feather plucked by the Grecians—Lost my last go, and my greys, Bart.—Do you remember the greys?—Four in hand against time.—But, no matter—got into Parliament—

ment — snug's the word there — Lord Sideling's borough—'A devilish nice set of greys those there of yours, Neddy; what do you value 'em at?'—'A habeas corpus,' says I, 'to remove my body politic from the fangs of Agrippa's sons—Do you take?'—'Done!' cried he.—'Damn the *duns*,' says I: so here I am, Bart.—Neddy Newburgh, M. P.; and the greys tearing up the pavement, with Sideling's barouche at their heels.—Have the supplies, however, only must not fight shy of the lynxes, or should be sacked of the ways and means to all intents and purposes—How is Miss O'C.? not forgetting philosopher Syl?—A curious cut of a quiz that, with his long arguments, as intricate as a query in algebra—Devilish fine, I suppose, but not current in *our* world, therefore know nothing of their merits.—Is old conjurer above the sod yet?—Curse the sod, wish it was sunk in the Thames.—Poor Highflyer! not a blade of grass left for him, so must

chew the cud of reflection with his master, on repentance and sparables, till the old trees can be felled. But all in good time, Bart.—Must have my say out—won't bring either of us an inch nearer the goal; and confound me if I don't wish you may live as long as you can, notwithstanding I'm dished; for you're a prince of good fellows, my hearty.—Love to our friends, *if I have any*, and avaunt dull care from them, you, and

"EDWARD NEWBURGH."

"What a strange creature!" said Ellen, "and, notwithstanding his faults, I am truly sorry for his misfortunes."

"They may be of service to him," observed Mr. Sylvester, "for I am convinced he has a good heart, though his head has been wrong moulded."

"Poor Newburgh!" said the Baronet —"It is hard that a man with thirty thousand a-year in view, should be compelled

pelled to get into the senate to keep him out of the jail, for I don't think he'll cut a very shining figure as a statesman."

Sir Thomas leaned on the table for some time, in a musing attitude—"I should like to know," said he, at length, "to what amount Newburgh's personal property is mortgaged."

"My dear papa," cried Ellen, and her lovely face was illumined with an expression of sincere satisfaction, "what a noble heart you have!" She kissed his hand —"I know, I feel what that wish implies; and, trust me, should your friendship, your benevolence, place Mr. Newburgh again in easy circumstances, he will rise from his follies a new being, and be found deserving your kindness."

"Will you be his guarantee?" said the Baronet, smiling tenderly on her.

"I think I might," answered she, "without any danger of forfeiting my pledge."

"How has it happened, my Ellen,"

asked Sir Thomas, "that Newburgh has gained so much on your good opinion? He was not always such a favourite."

"Because," replied she, "he is surrounded with difficulties, and is in want of the admonitions and assistance of friendship to extricate him from dishonour and distress, and because he respects the life of the person who stands between him and affluence."

"But, even with the Newburgh estate restored to him," remarked Mr. Sylvester, "would it not again be endangered by the demands of the harpies from whom he receives his supplies?"

"I'll take care of that," said the Baronet—"Ellen shall become the holder of it."

"Me, my dear papa!" she exclaimed with astonishment.

"Yes, Ellen," answered her father, "you—you shall redeem the property, and Newburgh shall hold it in right of your name, till an event that one time or another

another must arrive, permits him to claim it by his own."

"And may that time be far distant!" was the fervent ejaculation of Ellen, as she clasped to her heart the revered form of the best of fathers, the best of fellow-creatures.

CHAP. VII.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!"

MINSTREL.

OUR travellers having sojourned at Avignon as long as it was their pleasure or their wish, that is, if we except the old butler, whose *wishes* often led him from the house they inhabited there, but in which Sir Thomas obstinately continued to reside, till their final removal from the town, their next considerable stop was at Florence; but, halting a day or two at Milan, Ellen, while yet the recent scenes were

were vivid in her imagination, dispatched a letter from thence to her friend Emily, and, before it is sealed, we shall beg leave to peruse its contents.

" I OWE you, my dear Emily, an account of our journey from Avignon to this place, where we are arrived something sooner than we expected. It was my father's intention, after passing a few days at Montpelier, to proceed to Marseilles, and then embark in a felucca for the nearest port of Tuscany; but my dear good papa sacrificed his personal ease to our solicitations to cross the mountains rather than the sea. Ocean is ocean every where, we told him; and, if we wanted a party on the water, we could have made it in Dublin bay, or on the river Thames, just as well: the only reason he alledged in its favour was, that most English invalids preferred that way of travelling; but Mr. Sylvester assured him, it was a matter

ter of indifference to most English invalids, whether they travelled by land, water, or sky, provided they ran away fast enough and far enough from the home they regretted and pined after till they got back to it. My kind papa was easily over-reasoned, especially by Mr. Sylvester, and so we have crossed the Alps, as Rabelais says—

"Passant par air, de paour de la rosée."

"We visited Nismes, and stopped some days at Montpelier; but I do not like that neighbourhood near so well as the other side of the Rhone: it is Toulon, Antibes, and Nice, that unite the fertility of Eden with its perpetual spring. In the month of June the corn was cutting; the early fruits were almost over, and those of autumn were ripening. The great variety of cultivation is extremely interesting to a stranger; fields covered with saffron, capers, maize, rice, coriander, carraways, guinea-pepper, turkey-berries,

berries, gall-nuts, and liquorice, intersected by rows of olives and mulberry-trees: in the same hedges you find myrtles, jasmine, laurel, and aloes, mingled with our hawthorns and mountain ash; and orchards, where apples, plumbs, almonds, and cherries, grow promiscuously with figs, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, peaches, and date-trees.

"From the vicinity of Marseilles we retraced our steps northward, in pursuance of our plan of crossing the Alps. We had an opportunity to visit the valley of Vaucluse, and spent half a day in exploring its sylvan recesses, eternized as the haunts of Petrarch and his Laura. It is a deep, winding, secluded dell, shut up with rocks, and bosomed in wood, as its name implies—*Vaucluse*, or *Vallis clausa*. —Do you know, I am tempted by this country to learn a little Latin; for all here is classic ground: the monuments of Roman grandeur in Languedoc and Provence are both more numerous, more stupendous,

pendous, and in better preservation, than in the plains of Upper Italy itself; and the *Provencal patois* which is here spoken, appears to me to approach nearer to the Latin construction (now do not abuse me for pedantry) than either the French or Italian idioms.

"My father is so much better of his gout, that he would not consent to remount the Rhone as we had descended it, in a barge, but insisted on our rumbling on directly towards the hills, as he wanted a breath or two of mountain air to brace him. His corpulency had put him a little out of humour with the glowing temperature of Provence: it is indeed exceedingly warm, though so early in summer; but, to my sensations, not near so oppressive as a much less degree of warmth with us. It is a bright, clear, transparent glow, generally tempered with a breeze either from the sea or the Alps, and quite unlike the close hazy sultriness of an English summer's day.

"Nevertheless,

"Nevertheless, we followed the banks of the Rhone as far as Valence, and there directed our course through Grenoble and St. Jean de la Maurienne in Savoy, towards Mount Cenis." The highest Alps are distinguishable in the horizon from the shores of the Rhone, and even far beyond them, and seemed, through the clear bright sky, to be only a stage or two from us: but when, after one, two, three long days' journey towards them (mountain beyond mountain crossed, and valley traversed after valley), they still shewed at a great distance, their breasts involved in different stages of clouds, and their feet in misty obscurity, while their summits, of a dazzling whiteness, seemed to pierce the dark-blue sky; it was then the approach of them began to wake impressions proportionate to the object.

"At length we attained the foot of Mount Cenis, where the carriages were taken down, and loaded piece-meal on the back of mules. After a march of five or

six

six hours, we found ourselves in that region where vegetation ceases, and eternal solitude, the Sabbath of nature, begins her reign. It is impossible for the pen to render to an inhabitant of the plains, the lively interest this Alpine scenery inspires. The pure light air, the silence immediately round you, the distinctness with which every distant echo is brought to the ear, the sound of torrents tumbling down their stony ravines, the bleat of sheep among the heathy intervals of the cliffs, the hawks and eagles that soar in the clear blue expanse above, the light fleecy clouds which flit along the crags that beetle over your head, and for a moment hide their mouldings from your view, the change of scenery at every step, the mountains round, which

> " Withdraw their summits from the skies,
> " And lessen as the others rise,

all tends to sooth to a placid forgetfulness of the earth and its cares.

" Happy

" Happy and gay inhabitants of the hills! yours is the bloom of health, the smile of unassumed cheerfulness. Honest, lively, contented Savoyards! hospitable, enlightened Swiss! may you long preserve your character, and shew the world the golden age on earth is not a dream! may commerce, that works successively the bane of mighty empires, rather serve than rule you! may she continue to bring you her blessings without her corruptions! and may enjoyment, not accumulation, be your end!

" Ellen O'Callaghan turned philosopher!' you will exclaim—be it so: this is a soil that provokes reflection. Shew me the country in Europe, save Switzerland, where the village-dealer opens his little shop, at early day, by the public road side, marks the prices to each article, then climbs the hill to tend his cattle or his goats, and returns at eve to take the money that has been left in exchange for his wares!

" But,

"But, by and by, we attained the tremendous passes of the mountains, between walls of ice coeval with the creation. I will not attempt to describe, though, even now, I shudder at the recollection of them.

"You would have smiled, my dear Emily, to see the attentions my benevolent father paid to Connolly's infirmities at all these dangerous passes. Never would he permit his chair to set off till he had seen the old butler's bearers move away before him, for fear the people's attention to himself should induce them to put the poor aged servant off with the weakest pairs, and he might be exposed to a fall, or compelled to painful exertion. In fact, neither of them seemed much at their ease during these aerial stages; and, while the mountaineers were skipping with them from stone to stone, and picking their way from one point of rock to another, with as much ease as an empty chair returns from the Castle drawing-rooms,

rooms, though perhaps on the perpendicular verge of an abyss, whose bottom the eye could not pierce, and your ear only was informed by the roar of some torrent down its misty bed, into which of the elements, if you slipped, you would fall, I have been more than once mischievous enough to examine my father's and Connolly's faces, to see which of the two seemed most heartily to wish himself at the foot of the hills again.—'Well, Connolly,' said my father to him at one of the halting-places, while the bearers were changing hands, 'this is a wild country we have brought ourselves into at last. If our young people are not soon tired of hunting after romantic scenery, they ought to be chained by the waist to the top of an ash tree all the rest of their lives.'

'Faith, yur Honour,' answered he, 'whin I first wint ovir the mountains o' Wicklow, I thought, savin yur prisince, I was got into the hindermost quartirs of the

the tothir world: but here, the Lord be gud to us! nothin at all at all, but stones and snow, can vigitate here; and, God furgive me! yur Honour, if I think Providince's own silf cud raise a praty garden in this place.'

'Providence, Connolly!' said papa—'why, not even his Holiness could make a tuft of shamrock grow, though he was to plant it with his own infallible hand.'

'Faith, and,' cried Connolly, in a lower key-note, 'I believe this was protistint country afore it was catholic, and that's the rason. But the worst is,' again raising his voice, 'that a body don't know nothin of the way the're goin in these same roads, bekays one can't see the earth for sky.' Connolly's bearers, at that moment, whipping him up and setting off extra post, put a stop to the conversation; and I dare say the poor fellow prayed most heartily for a happy release from his fearless conductors.

"Mr. Sylvester crossed the mountains on

on foot, and your friend on a mule. I must confess, that the only time in my life I was sensible to any thing like want of gallantry or assiduous attention on his part, was during this passage. Expecting he was at my mule's heels, I have, on looking back, frequently discerned him leaning over the precipice, or reclined on a stone, to view at ease the scene before him, involved in motionless contemplation, as though he was insulated in the universe.

> 'What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
> Like shipwreck'd mariner on desart coast,
> And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
> In billows lengthening to th' horizon round!'

"No doubt, Sylvester's knowledge of these Alpine roads assured him, that the animal which bore me was the safest of all guides, and induced him to give leisure to the gratification of his own feelings, aware that I was not in a situation to participate them; for, much as the awful majesty of nature electrifies my mind,

mind, I honestly confess to you, every consciousness of my being was often absorbed in the simple sentiment of terror.

"Timid travellers are furnished with blinds to draw round their chairs: this I do not approve of; it is provoking nervous fears, by anticipating their indulgence. A better remedy is the one I adopted: when I did not dare to look, I shut my eyes.

"At length we approached the eastern declivity of the Alps; their wild features began to soften; and, though we looked downwards, 'where a hundred realms appear,' yet the snows, the walls of ice, and universal sterility, disappeared; the steeps became cloathed with fir, larch, and Italian pine; ashes and oaks, of several kinds, mingled with them, and the laburnum and mountain-service began to blossom beneath their shade; the short grass was mixed with aromatic plants and flowers, beautiful cistus, wild thyme, bazil marjoram, and a variety of scarce, vul-

nerary,

nerary, and medicinal herbs: auriculas, orpine, the geranium of the Alps, the bulbocodium, and beautiful branched stonecrops, grew from beneath the points of rock, or cloathed their sides: the Appennine anemone, azaleas, and gentian, tufted the ground; and the distant wilds were purpled with lavender and Mediterranean heath. Those dark and dismal abysses, which, higher up, just left room for a torrent to descend in thunder between their shaggy and perpendicular sides, now spread into more open dells and little vallies, where a verdant pasture, studded with sheep and cattle, is surrounded by hanging woods, through which a cottage-smoke is often seen ascending, and villages are discerned on the summit of projecting rocks.

"These scenes have been often described, but the pen and the pencil are alike incapable of communicating an adequate idea—your eyes must see, your mind must feel them. The picturesque

beauties of detail the bosom of these mountains exhibit, excel, perhaps in variety alone, those of our favourite British and Irish scenes; but then that variety is endless, its combinations are immense, beyond the power of imagination itself: and, in point of elevation, extent, sublime grandeur, and the awful phenomena of nature which envelope these 'bones of the earth,' as they are emphatically called, Snowdon, Ingleborough, Skiddaw, and Ben Lomond, are to be compared with them as the falls of Leixlip to the billows of the ocean.

"I am finishing my letter, after having watched the sun from my room, which overlooks the western ramparts of Milan, set on the mountains we have quitted. It is now near an hour since all here is wrapped in darkness, and the rosy tints of evening still linger on the summits of Mont Blanc and the Schreckhorn, which are both to be seen far beyond Milan.

"Our

"Our next place of destination is Florence, where we all seem eager to arrive, Sylvester particularly, as he says he resided there once for some time, and is desirous to revisit some old friends there.—A thought is come across my mind, that perhaps there dwells a certain person—but you know nothing of the matter, Emily—Sylvester must have friends wherever he goes; and he has already met with many on the way, whose joy at remeeting him was a testimony to the esteem in which he is held. I understand Florence is a gay place, the resort of all fashionable foreigners; and my father purposes, if he finds it suitable to his taste, sitting down there (his own words) for a month or two in quietness, to rest his and old Connolly's bones, after their long fatigue.

'So much,' says papa to him, 'for seeing the world. Well, though we should even die before we get back to Princely Hall, Connolly, we can't say that we go out of the world as ignorant as we came

into it; for, if we did not travel for our early education, we did for our later pleasure, and that amounts to the same thing in the end.'

'O, yur Honour,' cries Connolly, 'sit me down agin in Princely Hall; and, if ivir they kitch me five miles beyant it,' I'll give im lave to sew me up in a bag, and throw me into the river Liffey. Och! the nivir a word shall cum out of my lips agin their doings, only lit me see the face of sweet Ireland afore I die; for lit im all be aftir saying what they plase of their galley shows, and their uproars, and their carnivallys, and flum jimmeries—pho! its all bodtheration, in comparismint to our own butiful Princely Hall.'

"There, Emily, there's another touch of good old Connolly's sublime. Poor fellow, he bears this journeying about very well, except indeed our travels over the mountains, which, either through terror or fatigue, made him somewhat languid for a day or two; and his dear master

master was more attentive to recruit his strength, than solicitous for his own repose. However, both master and man seem, on the whole, to have received as much satisfaction by their expedition, as have done their fellow-travellers, notwithstanding they are both enthusiastically devoted to the land of saints, and particularly the residence of their ancestors. I have not known my loved father, for many years, so long a period free from heavy attacks of the gout; for, except a slight twinge of it once or twice, just to remind him of his old companion, he has forgot his ever having been troubled with it. He participates in our general amusements in public, though not perhaps from his wish of entering into all, but because he is so correct in his ideas of propriety, that he thinks it would be improper for me to be seen in them without his protection; and, as he will not debar me the privilege of indulging my wishes wheresoever they lead me, he is even more

ready to anticipate than I to form them. We have received much civility from many families of distinction as we passed along, and many whose acquaintance I regretted being obliged so soon to relinquish: but I have not met any person whose friendship could rival, in my heart, its esteemed Emily Millbank. My father, who understands I am in the act of writing to you, desires me to say, *he* has not as yet seen any woman to rival you in his *affections:* there's joyful news for you, Emily; and, so far am I from being jealous at the avowal, that I am almost selfish enough to wish I could rob your worthy uncle of this so highly favoured niece, for the plēasure of whose society I should not object to her sharing (in a reasonable way) my good father's love: indeed, I believe I must be satisfied that you possess a great part of it as it is; and, as I cannot hope for your company here, I have only to anticipate the happiness of our remeeting: need I say to my loved

Emily,

Emily, that that meeting will give most unfeigned happiness to her faithful

"ELLEN O'CALLAGHAN."

It is not necessary to pursue, "journal-wise," our travellers through every place they passed, or detail their various occupations and employments, therefore we shall attend them at once to Florence, where, as Ellen mentioned to her friend, the Baronet, finding it adequate to the opinion he formed from the accounts he had received of it, set himself quietly down to enjoy a few months repose, for the better enabling him to extend his route further, or return to his beloved country, either of which to do he had not yet determined.

Ellen's taste and genius here met ample means for gratifying the one and expanding the other; nor did she lose any time to profit by the advantage of Italian preceptors. A considerable portion of her

hours were devoted towards acquiring a correct knowledge of the language, or employed in cultivating her drawing and musical talents, to the latter of which she was enthusiastically attached, and spared no pains to become a proficient. The fortune, the beauty, and the accomplishments of Miss O'Callaghan, gained her universal admiration; and that sweet innocence of character, and those conciliating manners, which accompanied her throughout, rendered her equally an object of esteem as attention.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"La jalousie embellit son objet, quand elle ne peut point l'enlaidir." MARMONTEL.

SIR Thomas, Ellen, and Mr. Sylvester, attended by Lord Sheffield, repaired to the opera, where, as usual, Miss O'Callaghan shone as a star of beauty and *splendour*. The house was very much crowded; and, as they sat in the pit for the benefit of air and view, Sir Thomas had chosen his situation close to the side of the boxes, where he was less liable to be incommoded. Ellen sat between Mr. Sylvester and Lord Sheffield: the latter was more attentive to her, and looking

round the house in search of some recognised English face, than admiring the entertainment, while he seemed particularly desirous that his station near the admired Irish heiress should not be unnoticed; for, though Lord Sheffield could not be said to be in love with her, neither that he had any coxcomical vanity to be gratified in being seen at her elbow, yet his Lordship undoubtedly ranked Ellen as superior, in many respects, to most women he had seen, and considered it an honour to be accounted one of her intimate acquaintances. Mr. Sylvester, on the contrary, sought to draw her attention to the beauties of the *spectacle*, and, by his judicious remarks at the conclusion of each act, give her the opportunity of expressing her own opinion. Yet, however Ellen had been better pleased to attend to him, she could not, consistently with politeness, withhold her attention to Lord Sheffield's different observations, though she contrived to divide it between the two gentlemen,

gentlemen, without giving offence to either; but his Lordship's loquacity, and laughable comparisons of English and foreign performances, threw Sylvester's knowledge compleatly in the background; till at length, apprehending he might be thought pedantic, he became silent, and directed his attention to what was going forward on the stage, or, during the minutes of its cessation, occupied himself in looking round the house.

A gentleman, by the revolution of places during the acts, had got near to the Baronet, and they entered into conversation together. This personage appeared a man of at least sixty years, with a very commanding figure, and the remains of a handsome face, which seemed to be impaired more by hardship and climate than by age. Something he said to Sir Thomas attracted the immediate notice of Mr. Sylvester, who now, for the first time, particularly remarked him. He fixed his eyes on him very intently for a

few minutes, and seemed to consider the lineaments of his face with peculiar interest. The gentleman was standing up, as was also the Baronet, and just above their heads, in a box, sat a very lovely Italian woman. Ellen had noticed the direction of Mr. Sylvester's looks, and observing this lady, who was immediately within their glance, she, on a sudden, became wholly unconscious of the conversation of Lord Sheffield, and only desirous to gratify the hasty impulse which a train of rapid ideas awoke. She, in a low voice, said to his Lordship, "Who is that very beautiful female, whose dazzling ornaments are her least attraction, that sits in the box just over my father?"

"That is the daughter of the Marchese di Giornata," answered Lord Sheffield, "one of the first noblemen in Italy: I had the honour of being last night in her company, and was just going to point her out to you."

As he spoke, the lovely subject of his words

words perceived his Lordship, and, with a most polite inclination of her head, returned his respectful bow: at that instant, Sylvester's eye catching the lady's movement, he turned round to see who it was she had saluted, and, immediately rising himself, passed over to the Baronet, and stood facing him. Ellen was now all observance to his motions, as well as to the lady's, whom she instantly perceived to address something to an elder female that sat near her, and they both fixed their eyes on Sylvester. How his were directed, Ellen could not observe, as his back was towards her; but, again the ladies whispered to each other, when the former, leaning forward with a most bewitching smile, bowed to Sylvester, who instantly drew near the box, and both ladies very warmly shook his hand. Ellen grew sick at heart, her colour went and came; the unknown lady was, to her imagination, revealed, and the faithful attachment

tachment of Sylvester could no longer be wondered at.

After some time, Ellen obviously perceived *she* had become an object of enquiry to this young lady, and seemingly of discussion. The Signora appeared as if urging some request of Sylvester, and to which he gave an assenting bow. The last act of the opera now began, and Ellen expected he would have returned to his seat, but he remained where he was, with his elbow leaning on the box, and his back resting against a pillar, while he alternately addressed and was spoken to by his female friends. The Baronet, and the gentleman he conversed with, had moved a little to give him place, so that Mr. Sylvester was neither inconvenienced himself, nor intruded on any person; therefore, did not seem disposed to quit his station.

The last act of the performance might have been very interesting, but Ellen knew

knew nothing of it, only that she thought it insupportably tedious, the music *(an Italian orchestra)* intolerably discordant, and the singing detestable; the dances, at the conclusion of the piece, absurd and indelicate; and, in short, the whole of the spectacle, from the third act, not to be endured. She would have requested of her father to withdraw before its termination, but—but Ellen had neither resolution to go, or inclination to stay, and she sat insensible to every thing, except that one which agitated and engrossed every faculty of her mind.

The performance at length concluded, and the company had begun to move. Lord Sheffield was addressed by an English acquaintance, with whom he entered into conversation. The Baronet still remained in discourse with the strange gentleman, and Ellen therefore sat alone, while waiting for her father to approach. Mr. Sylvester was still speaking to his lovely friend and the lady with her, who, notwithstanding

notwithstanding a number of the *passant* company paid their respects to them from the box-door, seemed more disposed to attend to him, till a domestic entering announced their carriage, when the youngest lady laughingly said something to Sylvester: he sprang over the front of the box, and, giving a hand to each, he conducted them out. The Baronet just then separated from his new acquaintance, and advanced to Ellen, at the same time that Lord Sheffield tendered her his hand, which she politely declined to take her father's arm, and his Lordship led the way.

"Sir Thomas O'Callaghan's equipage!" was called, by order of Lord Sheffield: the call was echoed round, and Mr. Sylvester advanced to them through the crowd.

"Permit me to lead you, Miss O'Callaghan," said he, in his usual familiar manner, and extending forward his hand.

"I have just refused a similar offer of Lord

Lord Sheffield," she replied, "and must therefore, Sir, likewise decline the honour of your assistance."

Ellen's manner was so cold, so repulsive, that it confounded Mr. Sylvester at first; but, instantly recovering himself, he made answer—"Then I ask pardon for my presumption, Madam: I could not expect to be admitted an honour already refused to so much superior rank."

"What the devil's all this about rank and superiority?" cried the Baronet facetiously—"Let me see, Sylvester, which man of them all to-night can boast of more honour than yourself—mind I don't mean a pun;—but, if it was an honour to engross the conversation and the smiles of one of the most lovely women I ever beheld, I'm sure you may pride yourself with a witness.—Pray, who is that beautiful creature?"

"The Signora di Giornata," replied Sylvester, "or, as we should stile her in England, Lady Antonietta di Giornata, daughter

daughter to the Marquis of that name. I was astonished to see her still bear her paternal one, for I imagined she had been married before now, as it is three years since I saw her."

"Perhaps," said Ellen pointedly, "she may have *particular* reasons for remaining single."

"Were I as young a man as Sylvester," cried the Baronet, in the same jocose strain as before, "I don't think I should consider it an unpleasant task to endeavour at persuading her to the contrary."

"And, with your rank and fortune, Sir Thomas," said Sylvester, "perhaps your endeavours might be successful."

Ellen just glanced a look at him: the observation she thought too pointed to be mistaken. This, beyond a doubt, was the lady he had formerly alluded to; and, whatever he might have alledged respecting her, it was plain, in Ellen's opinion, that the attachment was mutual. In fact,

fact, according to her observation, there was not a second opinion to be formed: and so lovely a woman being still unmarried, was *proof positive;* for Ellen judged her to be some years older than herself; in which belief, at least, she was right, as that lady was six years Miss O'Callaghan's senior; and yet we may allow, although Ellen did not, young enough, in all conscience, to bid defiance, for many years to come, to the honourable appellation of—old maid.

"The Signora Antonietta has expressed a very strong wish to form your acquaintance, Miss O'Callaghan," said Sylvester, "and, for that purpose, to pay you an early visit: therefore, if you have no objection, Sir Thomas, and that Miss O'Callaghan approves it, I shall signify such to her, as the Marchesa has done me the honour to engage me for supper with them to-night."

"I don't like to form new acquaintances, Sir," replied Ellen coldly, "particularly

ticularly when I am aware they must be soon relinquished, and would therefore rather decline the honour of Lady Antonietta's visit.—But, our carriage waits I presume, papa, and," added she, affecting to smile, "we but detain Mr. Sylvester from his *beautiful* friend."

The Baronet could not, or rather would not, advance any thing on the subject before Mr. Sylvester, though he thought a good deal, and with a good deal of truth too, respecting Ellen's reasons for declining this acquaintance, which he considered as a very particular mark of honour, from persons of their consequence, to strangers, and was not too well pleased at the conjectures he had to form of her refusal, for which he was determined on mortifying her.

"Well, Sylvester," cried he, "as Ellen says, we but detain you from your beautiful, and, I add, your *fascinating* friend, and, to all appearance, neither you or she will thank us for it.—You're found

found out, Sylvester; but, take care you have not a rival to encounter: I warn you in time; for, though my daughter may not like to come in contact with a brighter luminary than herself, the same cause does not hold good respecting her father; and you shall introduce me too—who knows what my gout may do? ladies sometimes take strange fancies; but I'll talk with you further to-morrow, for I dare say we shall be in our first sleep when you return home to-night."

"Then Miss O'Callaghan does *not* wish to receive the visit of Lady Antonietta," said Sylvester to her, with a kind of reproachful look.

"I have given my reasons for it, Sir," replied Ellen; "but beg you to understand, that, though I decline it, I am perfectly sensible of the honour her Ladyship intended me."

Lord Sheffield made his approach to them through the crowd.

"Your carriage stops the way this half hour,

hour, Baronet," said he, and he took Ellen's hand to conduct her to it, which she now did not prevent him doing.

"Good-night, Mr. Sylvester," said she, as she moved off, but without looking at him; and he, with a very mortified countenance, returned her salute by a no less formal—"Good-night, Madam."

Ellen withdrew to her own apartment the moment she returned home, and in a state of mind little calculated to promote her night's repose. She retraced the occurrences of the evening; she recalled the acknowledgements made twice at Princely Hall by Sylvester, of his being attached to a lady of superior rank and loveliness, though without revealing of what country she was; and every transaction of the last few hours was a conviction to her that this was the person.—Beautiful she certainly was, and no less amiable she as certainly appeared to be; and Ellen again recollecting that Mr. Sylvester had once, in reply to a request

she

she made of him, given her a denial, by alledging that one handsome woman could not allow another to be so, she blushed to think that her conduct to-night had obviously implicated her in the general observation.

"How mean and despicable an opinion he will have of me!" thought she, "for he will naturally conclude that envy, at the superior charms of this lovely woman, has prevented me from cultivating the acquaintance she so kindly proffered; and though Mr. Sylvester had even generously attributed it in his mind to some other cause, my father's observation was sufficient to give him grounds for this one. Yet," added she, "better, far better he should believe the weakness of my head, than suspect the weakness of my heart. Alas! weak it is indeed! for, though with the certainty of *his* being devoted to another, with the perfect conviction that, were it even otherwise, he could be nothing to me, yet still, still he holds

holds his station there immoveable and unchangeable. — Oh!" continued she— "why, Sylvester, were you formed so truly amiable? or why was it my unfortunate destiny to find you so much superior to all your sex?—But I must conquer this fatal predilection; it can only end in misery to myself, in regret to my beloved father; and my first step towards it, shall be to repair the error I was guilty of to-night, by being the first now to pay my respects to this too fascinating foreigner. Does she serve me right, she'll reject *my* advances; but, if she be as amiable as she is represented, then will she generously forgive, and admit me to the honour she so kindly offered: and you, Sylvester—yes, you shall be happy, if Ellen O'Callaghan can be the means of making you so. In one year from this I am mistress of a splendid fortune; and I solemnly vow that, if half of it can ensure your wishes, half of it shall be yours from the moment it becomes mine."

Ellen

Ellen, strengthened by her resolution, believed herself a heroine; and, the next morning, she met her father and Mr. Sylvester at breakfast, with a far more agreeable countenance than she had worn the night before. She enquired particularly after the beautiful Signora, and was consistent, without being lavish, in her remarks respecting her. The Baronet had determined to give Ellen some gentle admonitions on the impropriety of her conduct; but this change in her behaviour was a proof that she had seen through it herself, and had sense enough to correct it; for the observant father perceived the source whence it sprung, and his former apprehensions were renewed; but, now that his daughter seemed to evince a corrected judgment, he thought it more prudent to be silent on the subject.

Mr. Sylvester, however, was visibly chagrined by Miss O'Callaghan's late reserve, which was to him unaccountable, unless, indeed, she had conceived it de-

rogatory to her consequence to owe any introduction to him; and, imagining her refusal could proceed from no other motive, he felt himself severely hurt by it. He was unusually polite to her at breakfast, and, instead of "Miss O'Callaghan," whenever he addressed her, it was a cold respectful "*Madam:*" he seemed also very uneasy, and, what was not common to him, very much vexed.

"I presume," said the Baronet, gaily, "we shall not often have the pleasure of your company while we remain here, Sylvester?"

"I don't know any company more desirable to me than Sir Thomas O'Callaghan's," he replied.

"That's an evasive answer, Sylvester," said the Baronet, smiling.

"I don't know that your remark was a direct one, Baronet," answered he, essaying to assume a cheerful air.

"Why, that is true," cried Sir Thomas; "therefore, to the point, Sylvester. Your

Your lovely friend will probably engross the better part of it in future."

"I promised to be with the Signora at an early hour to-day," he replied; "yet, could I make a suitable apology, I certainly should decline adhering to it."

"Send me to make it, Sylvester," said the Baronet—"I'll be your lacquey to this nonpareil, provided you'll engage that I shall deliver it to herself. I want some fortunate introduction to her."

"*Mine*, Sir Thomas," replied he, with peculiar emphasis, "would, I apprehend, be considered too *insignificant:* I have learned that lesson *lately;* for, however exalted the rank of those friends is, I certainly should reflect that *mine* is too humble to admit me the prerogative of introduction."

"Whew!" whistled the Baronet, and looked at Ellen. Ellen blushed to crimson, and the tears stood trembling in her eyes. She raised them to Mr. Sylvester, and her embarrassment did not escape his

notice. She wished to speak, but, fearing to betray too much emotion, she would not trust her voice, till she had regained some composure.

"But, if *I* am satisfied with your introduction, Sylvester," said Sir Thomas, "and that your noble friends are so likewise, what objections have you to offer against it?—Now it appears to me," he proceeded, "that they were perfectly satisfied with the prerogative you *do* possess, when they desired to make you a mediator between them and Ellen; and, upon my soul, I think the family of Giornata must understand etiquette as well as the O'Callaghans."

"It has been rather an awkward business," said Sylvester, "and, to tell you the truth, Sir Thomas, is likely to be more so to me; for I was last night compelled to be guilty of a falsehood, that I might avoid the mortification of being thought presumptuously officious by my unsuccessful embassy, and told the Marchesa

chesa and her daughter, that I had not spoken with you after I parted from them in the house; but Lady Antonietta, still determined on paying her respects, appointed me to call on her this morning, in order that I might attend her in her visit here, and which, from obvious reasons, I would if possible prevent."

Ellen had now somewhat recovered herself, yet, with a voice more agitated than tranquil, she said, "Mr. Sylvester, I am fully conscious of being wrong in my conduct to your friends, who, last night, did me the honour of notifying, through you, the favour they intended me. For this seeming disrespect to you, and to them, I ask your pardon—attribute it to petulance, to caprice, to ill-humour, or to what cause you will, but think not that it was meant as a rebuke to you: so far from that, I consider the passport which obtained for me the notice of the Marchesa and her daughter, as one that does me more honour than I do it; for, did

not your exalted friends justly appreciate your consequence, they would hardly tender their acquaintance to one of yours. The only reparation I can make to you, since (and for which I most sincerely thank you) they are ignorant of my error, is, to evince my respect by waiting on those ladies myself; and, if my father approves of it, and that you will condescend to accompany me, I shall hasten to anticipate Lady Antonietta's visit."

Sylvester's ill-humour vanished—he respectfully kissed Ellen's hand.

"When Miss O'Callaghan pleases to exert her understanding," said he, "she makes converts of all her auditors. I acknowledge that I regarded your refusal as a slight to me, and very sincerely repented of my officiousness; but," added he, smiling, "who would not affect to be offended, were they certain of receiving such an apology?"

"I am glad Ellen has made it," cried the Baronet, in high glee; "for I was beginning

beginning to get sadly afraid, that, between you both, I should have no chance of trying my luck with this divinity."

"*Divinity!*" thought Ellen, and sighed at the recollection of the term having been before applied by himself to Sylvester's incognita.

"But come," went on Sir Thomas, "since we are all friends again, let the carriage be ordered, Ellen, and go with Sylvester to the Marchesa's: but harkee, mind that you edge in a word or two in my favour; and I think you need not say anything of the gout, as I haven't had it this some time."

The carriage was ordered, and Ellen withdrew to make some alteration in her dress.

"Pray, Sir Thomas," said Sylvester, who was now again himself, "who was that elderly gentleman with whom you conversed so much last night? Do you know him?"

"No more than you do, Sylvester," replied Sir Thomas; "but he caught my fancy most amazingly. He seems a bit of an oddity too, for which I like him, though perfectly the gentleman, and, I should imagine, an old soldier."

"I think," said Sylvester, "I have seen him before: his face is certainly not unknown to me, though where I cannot call to mind; and I have racked my brain since last night, in trying to recollect him. I have a very unaccountable desire to learn who he is, and shall make it my business to find out if possible."

"Then," cried the Baronet, "it is possible you may discover it without any trouble; for he pleased me so much, that, without any ceremony, I put my card in his hand, and said, I should be glad to see him at any time he favoured me with a call. To be sure, he put it into his pocket, without once looking at it; and answered, with a very laconic shake of his

his head, 'Perhaps so—perhaps I may call;' and I think it very probable he will too."

"I hope he may," said Sylvester; "for I feel an uncommon anxiety to know more of him. You did not hear his name, Baronet?"

"Not I indeed," he answered; "and, as he made no advances to inform me, it would have been rather awkward of me to ask him the question. He is a very well-informed man, and seems to have seen a good deal of the world; but, as I said before, there is a something singular blended with his manners, that I am at a loss what term to give; and I am really as anxious to develope this man's true character, as you are to find out who he is."

Ellen appeared, and the carriage being announced, she and Mr. Sylvester set out to the Palazzo di Giornata: it was a superb mansion, fit for the residence of a

prince; and, at the gate, stood in waiting an elegant equipage of the family.

"We are just in time, I imagine," said Sylvester.

The ladies were at home, and he sent up his name and Miss O'Callaghan's. They had not reached the first landing-place, before they were met by the beautiful Signora. She took the hand of Ellen with inexpressible grace, and warmly thanked her for this early acquiescence with her wishes; "and," added this charming girl, "I was this moment setting out to visit you; for, though I expected Mr. Sylvester would be my cicisbeo in my introduction, I was so impatient at his delay, that I had determined to wait for him no longer."

"And I have brought my apology for my seeming tardiness, Lady Antonietta," said he.

The Signora smiled an affirmative, and Ellen said, "*My* impatience to avail myself

self of the flattering compliment intimated to me by Mr. Sylvester, induced me to express by this visit, Madam, how highly I am gratified in the honour of your acquaintance."

"The favour is mine," replied the lively Italian, "in your so kindly indulging my wish; so, pray don't set it down as any compliment on your side. But come, my lovely stranger, let me have the pleasure of presenting you to my father and mother."

Ellen was indeed gratified by her visit. The family united in themselves every requisite to make them respected, loved, and esteemed; and, though of the first rank in the country, as free from the proverbial haughtiness of its nobility, as they were correct in supporting a just medium between unbecoming height and mean obsequiousness. A friendship was formed between the families, and Ellen and Antonietta were almost inseparable com-

panions, from their first day's acquaintance.

"You must be my sister," said the latter to her young friend, one day as they sat together—"I have a brother, who is at present in Paris, and, without flattery, may say he is as elegant a young man as is in that city. I know, were he to see you, my dear Ellen, he would become the humblest of your humble servants; and, to tell you a secret, I have written to hasten him home, lest any accident should defeat my plan."

"Then you have planned it," said Ellen, laughing.

"To be sure I have," answered the sportive Italian, "and like an able general too; though, by the bye, I believe I had been wiser to have kept my own counsel, as I afford the enemy an opportunity of acting on the defensive."

"I should be happy in the honour of being known to your brother," replied

Ellen; "and, as to his merits, I judge of them by Lady Antonietta."

"You must judge of them by Mr. Sylvester," said the Signora; "for it was he who formed, or rather, I should say, reformed, my brother what he is. Leonato di Giornata was, at the age of eighteen, one of the most dissolute youths in Italy. Chance, at that age, placed him under the care of Mr. Sylvester, and his example became his guide; though I believe the suddenness of his reformation was owing much to that gentleman's attention during a serious indisposition, which attacked my brother shortly after he became his pupil, and was the consequence of his excesses. During its continuance, Mr. Sylvester's friendly admonitions, and prudent counsels, brought Leonato to a sense of his errors, and emulation afterwards inspired him with the desire to be as perfect as his preceptor; and, the seeds of virtue not having been wholly eradicated, at one-and-twenty my brother

brother entered the world a new character. To Mr. Sylvester's unwearied diligence was this change indebted; and I need not say how grateful my father and mother were to him, or how highly they respected him. It was their wish that he should never quit this place; but, after three years attendance on Leonato, who then became his own master, Mr. Sylvester quitted Italy, and, we understood, went into France, from whence, we afterwards learned, he had gone into another country, with some English or Irish gentleman; but we never heard further of him, till the night of our meeting in the opera-house: indeed, I did not immediately recognise him, and asked my mother if that gentleman was not our old friend Mr. Sylvester? which proving the case, you may judge what pleasure his re-appearance afforded us, after nearly four years' absence. He gave us a brief epitome of his life since he quitted Italy, and enumerated yours and Sir. Thomas O'Callaghan's

O'Callaghan's virtues so warmly, that both my mother and I became anxious to be known to his friends; for we were convinced that *his* friends must be entitled to every respect; and the opinion has been justified."

Ellen bowed—"Mr. Sylvester," said she, "is happy in meeting universal approbation, and general esteem."

"And with justice," replied Antonietta; "for it is no more than his merits entitle him to. Yet, there is one part of his character which I do not quite approve—he is too proud."

"He has a great deal of mental independence," said Ellen; "but I do not call that pride, Lady Antonietta."

"My father," resumed the Signora, "wished very much to evince his gratitude for Mr. Sylvester's services, beyond what that gentleman was entitled to, but he positively rejected all supernumerary offers; and, I suppose, for fear of being further importuned, and lest his refusal should

should give offence, he took his leave of us by letter, when he had arranged every thing for his departure from this place. Pray, my dear Ellen, was not that conduct pride in the fullest sense?"

"I think not," replied Ellen; "it was the proof of an independent spirit, and not, in my opinion, to be condemned: on the contrary, did he act otherwise, it would dim the lustre of his other perfections."

"O," cried the Signora laughingly, "if you are determined to think Sylvester faultless, I had better hold my tongue, or I may bring myself into disgrace."

"Every person," replied Ellen, deeply blushing, "is warranted in giving their opinion of another. No human creature is perfect; but, where the good qualities of any character predominate, I should certainly be inclined to overlook the lesser imperfections which might shade it."

"Admirable sophistress!" said the Signora archly, and still laughing—"Sylvester

vester should know what an advocate he has in you, only that, as you seem to make a *general inference*, the compliment could not be considered *particular*."

Ellen blushed deeper than before, and was not displeased that an interruption was put to their conversation by the entrance of some company, which prevented her making any reply: yet, though she felt dissatisfied at any derogation from Mr. Sylvester's merits, she certainly was not vexed at those remarks coming from the lips of the beautiful Antonietta; for she thought—Ellen thought as she felt—that, had any warmer sentiment than friendship occupied the bosom of the Signora, she had, like herself, believed him all-perfect; and this idea, joined to the lynx-like acuteness of a lover's eye, which yet discerned nothing that could in any degree awaken fresh apprehensions, led her to conjecture she had been mistaken in the first instance, and that *this* lady was *not* the object of Mr. Sylvester's affection.

fection. Every day more convinced of this observation, Ellen forgot the lesson of heroism she had endeavoured to fortify herself with, and suffered the innocent attachment of her heart to maintain its empire there, without daring to hope, or yet having courage to despair.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

"La Fortune n'est cruelle, que lorsqu'elle nous ôte ce qu'elle nous a donné." MARMONTEL.

ELLEN and her father were gone out one forenoon to make a short visit before dinner, and had left Mr. Sylvester at home. They had not a very long time left the house, when a ring at the gate announcing a visitor, he looked from the window to see who it might be, and beheld the gentleman who had so much attracted his notice at the opera, a few nights before. He instantly flew down stairs, just as the man was announcing Sir Thomas's absence. Sylvester approached, and requested of the stranger to walk in, as the Baronet,

Baronet, who would not be long from home, wished much for the pleasure of seeing him. The gentleman looked at his watch, and then said, "Well, I'll wait his return, as perhaps I may not be able to call again;" and followed Mr. Sylvester to the drawing-room. Some trifling conversation ensued, at the first, between them; but Sylvester still found himself more unaccountably interested towards this stranger, and very singularly affected by his presence, which he could only attribute to his impatience at not being yet able to call to mind who this person was; as he was every moment more assured of having somewhere met him before, and that, too, as no common acquaintance.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said Sylvester, when they had spoken some few moments together, "if I am about to make an impertinent observation"

"Then don't do it, young gentleman," hastily interrupted the stranger; "for, if you consider it such beforehand, you should

should avoid it; and, if you do not, there is no necessity for a previous apology."

"Your remark is just, Sir," replied Sylvester; "but, though the question I would ask may not be, in itself, improper, yet, as coming from a stranger, it may be thought premature."

"Well, Sir," answered the gentleman, "if it is not an improper one, I shall not consider it the latter."

"Then, Sir," said Sylvester, "I imagine that I have somewhere had the pleasure of seeing you. The night you met Sir Thomas O'Callaghan at the opera-house, your face then, and ever since, has strongly impressed me with that idea."

"Very possibly you may, Sir," he answered—"If you have met me within these two years, it must have been either in this country or in France; and, if within eighteen years previous to those, it must have been in Germany or Spain: yet, if the latter," he added significantly, "I don't think you would have much relished

relished visiting my place of residence; and, for any time before these two named periods, I hardly believe you could well recollect my face, young gentleman, though familiarised to it, either in England or America."

"Certainly, Sir," said Sylvester, with a smile, "twenty years must considerably weaken any impression made on a boy's mind, which, at that period, I was; nor, till within these two years, have I, for some time previous, been either in France or Italy; and most assuredly, if I have seen you before now, it was not so recently as this last period. Of the latter places you mention I know nothing, but that my mother was an American."

"Was she indeed?" said the stranger, with an apparent expression of satisfaction—"Pray, from what part of it did she come?"

"From Quebec," answered Sylvester.

"Good again," said the unknown, looking

looking still more pleased—"I have spent many a happy day in that quarter of the world; aye, faith, and some plaguy hard ones too—But I was young and gay then; and, if I fought to-day, I danced to-morrow; so took the rough and smooth as they came."

"My father was a soldier," said Sylvester, "and, I presume, so were you also, Sir, at the period you mention."

"A soldier!" repeated the stranger, smiling with great good humour—"that's saying much for us, young gentleman, if we ranked by a higher nominal appellation; it is not the gold epaulet that always bespeaks the hero.—Was your father an Englishman?"

"An Irishman, I rather imagine," answered Sylvester.

"Better and better still," cried the stranger, "for I too was born in the land of hospitality; though, to tell the truth, I never received much of its favours: but then, I don't know how kind it *might* have

have proved to me, had not my destiny removed me thence before I could be sensible of its blessings."

"Your being of that country, Sir," said Mr. Sylvester, "will, if he is not already aware of it, prove an additional pleasure to Sir Thomas O'Callaghan; for he is parentally attached to every one, and every thing, connected with Ireland."

How much further their conversation on the subject had proceeded, is uncertain, if, just at that moment, it had not been interrupted by the return of the Baronet and his daughter; and we need not say how much pleased the former was at the sight of his new visitor, not only from his own wish of cultivating the stranger's acquaintance, but because he was aware of Sylvester's anxiety to see him again.

The Baronet made it a point that his visitor should remain for the day with them; and, though he pleaded business, yet Sir Thomas would not accept of any apology, and the gentleman at length complied

complied with his host's friendly invitation.

"I am the more inclined to avail myself of your hospitality, Baronet," said the stranger, as he reseated himself, "as I fear it might not be in my power to accept of it hereafter; for I do not expect to be many more days in Florence."

"I am sorry for it," replied Sir Thomas, "as I was in hopes we should become better friends, *General.*"

"Sir!" exclaimed the stranger, looking with astonishment at the Baronet.

Sir Thomas smiled—"I call you General," said he, "because I don't know your name; but, conceiving you to be a military man, I am willing to give you an appellation, which I think it very probable you deserve."

"Your compliment is a very flattering eulogium, Baronet," replied the gentleman, bowing to him; "but, unfortunately for myself, I have no claim to the

 distinction.—

distinction.—I'll give you a problem to solve, Sir Thomas," added he, laughing; "or, as this young gentleman may be nearer his mathematics than we old folks, he may amuse himself with it, if he pleases:—I am an officer without rank, a man without name, a father without a child, a nobleman without title, and a man of fortune without sixpence.—Now, Sir (to Sylvester), if you can expound these seeming contradictions without my assistance, I'll say you are the cleverest fellow that ever syllogised."

"You are the strangest fellow I ever came across, at all events," cried the Baronet, laughing also, "and I think have given me something to amuse myself with too; for I'll be hanged if your problem won't go between me and my night's rest."

"The gentleman is possibly a foundling," said Sylvester, "who, with some vague insight of his birth, is not yet able to ascertain his positive rights."

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!" cried the stranger—"not much out in that guess, but not quite right, for all that. However, I am in search of a person, who, if I am fortunate enough to find him, has the means of elucidating these mysteries; and whom, if I do *not* discover, and," added he, sighing, "my chance of doing so becomes every day more remote, I must be content to remain what I am all my life."

"Yet," said the Baronet, "you must be known by some name surely."

"Damn me," he cried, "if I think I have been called by any name, but Sir or Captain, these eighteen years; and as to the one that actually and *bona fide* belongs to me, that is, by which my father was known, upon my soul, I am as ignorant of it as the man in the moon."

"Strange indeed," said Sir Thomas.

"Yet so it is," resumed the unknown, "and true as strange.—But come, my adventures may amuse you, Baronet; and, after dinner, if you have nothing

better to attend to, with your permission, I'll relate my story."

"And you will infinitely oblige me, my good Sir," he answered, "provided it be perfectly agreeable to your own free will and inclinations; for I make no claims on your confidence, Sir, through any empty curiosity, or selfish gratification.—Before you commence your narration, allow me to offer you my friendship; and, if any of the circumstances of your life require my assistance in *any way*, you will find me as ready to give as to tender them."

"I thank you, Sir," was the stranger's reply, "and may perhaps find your friendly offers of service to me hereafter; but, in the meanwhile, I beg of you to believe that it is with my most hearty concurrence I detail to you my singular story; for your generous notice of a stranger, and the respectability of your character, justly entitle you to my fullest confidence."

"Since

"Since that's the case," said the Baronet, "let's have dinner. Whether it be that I am impatient for a 'feast substantial,' or a 'feast of reason,' I don't well know, but I never was more impatient for my dinner, and think it a terrible long while in coming. You are near the bell; ring till we hear what detains it, Sylvester."

The stranger rebounded on his seat at the name. "Sylvester!" he repeated—"Is your name Sylvester, Sir?"

He bowed in the affirmative. Dinner was that instant announced. Sylvester led out Miss O'Callaghan, and the Baronet gave his hand to the new visitor. He perceived it to tremble violently.—They sat down, and Sir Thomas made him join him in a bumper of wine: it helped to collect the stranger's perturbed spirits. He again appeared chearful; but still, during the whole time of dinner, seemed as if something had much agitated him.

When the cloth was removed, and Ellen, from a motive of delicacy to the stranger's promised narrative to her father, rose to quit the table, this gentleman said, "If Miss O'Callaghan is not particularly engaged, and she has any wish to hear the wonderful adventures of an old soldier, he will be gratified by her attention."

Ellen, with a gracious smile, thanked him for the permission, and, at his desire, seated herself beside him.

"I should rather have you by my side than before me, young lady," said he gallantly; "for, were you in front, my understanding would stand a chance of being annoyed by the artillery of your sparklers; but, from the side, I can only receive a random-shot.

"My story," went on the stranger, "may be found prolix, but, as it is uncommon, that may make amends. When I was able to comprehend any thing, or rather, at the first expansion of infantile ideas,

ideas, I found myself living with a grave solemn kind of a man, in a small house, or cottage, that was situated in a northern part of England, near a market town. It was very neatly laid out; and a woman-servant, with a boy, were our attendants. This person I used to call father; though, as I advanced in years, I understood he bore no relative connexion to me; that my parents had died in my infancy, and, at the request of some friends of theirs, he had undertaken the care of me. As I grew older, I found that my guardian was a foreigner; and, from more mature observations, I judged him to be a priest, as his manners were austere, and he adhered, with bigotted enthusiasm, to the religion he professed, to which he likewise rigidly kept me during my boyish days. To confess the truth, my guardian, as he called himself, was rather kind than otherwise to me in my juvenile years; and the only real sources of his anger were my repugnance

to adopting the creed he professed, to which I evinced an aversion from my childhood, that encreased with my ripening years. This person was an excellent scholar, and, under his tuition, after I had gone through an English grammar-school in the town, I passed a regular course of the classics. Yet, notwithstanding my having imbibed the first rudiments of the religion which he was so particularly assiduous to inculcate thoroughly into my heart, I every hour grew more averse to it; and my hatred became confirmed, when I found it was his intention that I should become one of a religious community.—My disposition led not to so holy a calling; my heart glowed with military ardour, and I was determined on pursuing the road my inclinations turned to. Perhaps this ardent desire towards a soldier's life was one cause to prevent me adopting the religion of my guardian, as I knew it would be an obstacle to my entering the British service.

In

In following the bent of my inclinations, I did not conceive that I broke through any duty, as this person frequently declared I had no claims on him; but that, if I obeyed his injunctions in the more material concerns of my life, I *might* be rendered independent by those friends of whom he spoke before. This was a precautionary admonition frequently held out to me, to which, in my boyish years, I paid little attention. As I increased in years, I evinced a haughtiness of spirit that seemed to disdain all idea of controul; and in fact, before I attained the age of twenty-one, had entirely thrown off the trammels of priestly principles, and openly avowed myself a member of the English church.

" How far this conduct pleased my guardian, you may judge. He expostulated, reasoned, threatened, and denounced me; and even declared that my obstinate perseverance would forfeit me fortune and rank beyond my most sanguine

hopes. I asked him, would the tenets he advised give me a right to serve his Britannic Majesty, as my determination to enter the army was immoveably fixed? He said, no; but that, since I was resolved on a military life, he would promise me a commission in the service of any catholic power I might make choice of, provided I conformed to the religion he wished me.—'Am I not a British subject?' said I, 'and shall I raise my arm against my country?—No; never—I will be a soldier of the King of England; I will profess no religion but that of my own convictions; and I freely resign friends who have never acknowledged me, and fortune which is to be purchased by a violation of my principles.'

"His anger was roused to fury: he threatened me with the anathema of the Pope and all the Cardinals; and even menaced me with something of a seizure of my person by those mysterious friends, and their having conveyed me to some place,

place, where I should be glad to make concessions for my present obstinacy.—To this I replied, that I was not so ignorant of my country's laws, as to suppose such a proceeding could be executed with impunity; but I thanked him, however, for his information, as I should be careful to avail myself of it.

"From this moment I took my measures accordingly; but, judging that my motions would be watched, I was cautious in my proceedings: my guardian, I believe, imagined it was my intention to enlist with the first recruiting party I should meet; and, as there did not happen to be any just at that time in the town nearest us, that I meditated an elopement. But neither of these plans entered my head; the first I would not have adopted, though it even had come in my way, and the second I disdained. I made a bolder attempt: I wrote to the Commander-in-chief, stated to him briefly my situation (yet without particularising

my guardian, lest it should seriously implicate him), that, not choosing to barter my principles or my integrity to the whim or caprice of ambiguous friends, and being, by the laws, my own master, without any known relative to sanction my actions, or disapprove of them, I offered myself as a volunteer, in any regiment he would please to point out to me.

"This letter I put myself into the post-office, and anticipated, with eager expectation, its reply: weeks went over, and none came; and I began to grow apprehensive that my application was disregarded. Two months had gone by, when, one day that my guardian happened to be absent, a servant came to our cottage with a letter, to be delivered into my own hands. I tore it open with avidity, and found it to be a note from the mayor of the town, desiring me to attend him the next morning, on business of importance to myself. I could not conceive to what his summons tended; but, never

never having transgressed the laws, I had no fears to obey it. I said nothing of it to my guardian; and, the following morning, repaired to my appointment. The mayor received me with a great deal of civility; and, not to be tedious on this particular subject, he put into my hands an ensign's commission, which had been forwarded to him by the Commander-in-chief for my acceptance, on condition that the story I had told of myself was found to be exactly the truth. The mayor, who was delegated to ascertain the veracity of my statement, was fully satisfied, and therefore presented me the commission, with his Royal Highness's approbation of my heroic ardour, and a promise of future patronage according to my merit. My appointment was in a regiment then on foreign service, and which I was to join without delay.

"It would be impossible," proceeded the stranger, "for words to delineate the rage of my guardian, when he learned (though

(though without knowing the direct means by which I obtained it) of my being attached to the British army. But, as I now considered myself compleatly under the protection of my country, I paid very little regard to his anger. I wanted money to equip myself, and to forward my journey; but this he positively refused giving me, alleging that, having thrown off his authority, I had no longer any right to make a demand of him: I might look for resources where I obtained my commission—he would supply me with none.—'I have never positively understood,' said I to him with calmness, 'what my rights were: I know nothing of myself, but what you have simply alledged; and though I do not apprehend that, if I have *any* claims, they can be very extensive, yet you are aware that I can make you prove whatever they may be, or by what authority you have become my guardian; for, novice as I am in the world, I do not imagine

gine you have been wholly disinterested during twenty-one years that I have been under your care. But let me have what money is necessary for me at present, and, as I neither wish to injure or disturb your tranquillity, I shall leave you in the peaceable possession of every thing else; and be your own conscience the judge of your equity to the orphan!'

"Whether my words alarmed him or not, I cannot say; but, finding me resolute, he, with a very ungracious tender of them, gave me one hundred guineas—'There, Sir,' he said, 'there is your fortune; and, though you even should call me to account, you would find but little advantage in it, since your own conduct destroys all your expectations.'—'If ever I had any, you mean,' I replied; 'for surely, was there better fortune in store for me, it was high time my eyes had been opened to the truth of these great expectations.'—'Your obstinate folly put an end to them long ago,' he answered.—

'Then it was very necessary that I should endeavour at assisting myself,' said I; 'and, if I had nothing to look forward to but a vague uncertainty, from persons I know nothing of, and care as little about, it can be very immaterial to them what measures I pursue: they are rid of a charge, and I can never regret what I never was possessed of.'

"The morning of my departure," went on the stranger, "I confess that I experienced some few uneasy sensations at quitting the abode where I had so many years resided: my guardian too appeared embarrassed, I thought: I took his hand —'For your care of my youth,' said I, 'accept my thankful acknowledgments; I am not ungrateful for them, and we may meet again on better terms than we part.'—'We shall never meet again,' he answered—'You are going to America, and, ere it's long, I shall bid adieu to this country. Forget me, as I shall endeavour to do you; and, as things have turned

turned out, would to Heaven I had never known you!'

"He rushed from my sight, and I threw myself into the chaise that waited to launch me on the great theatre of life. I called, as I passed through the town, to pay my farewell compliments to the mayor. He took a very affectionate leave of me, and requested I would sometimes write to inform him how I went on, as he was anxious to hear of my success. Behold me then entering the world, like a creature dropped from the clouds, without a human being to own, or a relative to acknowledge me. My journey by land, however, gratified me much; and my voyage across the Atlantic, being delightfully propitious, was a continued source of admiration to me. I reached the regiment without meeting any disaster, or even adventure, and learned that my arrival had been very particularly notified to the commanding officer; that I was mentioned as a youth of enterprise and

and courage, and very strongly recommended to his notice, and the attention of my brother officers. I found the life of a soldier very opposite to the dull monotonous one I had hitherto lead: England was at war with the Spanish settlements, and we were constantly engaged in some affair or another; but as I did not dislike fighting, particularly as I had been always fortunate enough to come off in a whole skin, I became every day more pleased with the profession I had chosen; and my pay being sufficient for my expences, I never once regretted the change I had made. I was rather a smart-looking fellow in those days, which being joined to a red coat and a cockade, my companions used to jest me on being high in the estimation of the more lovely part of the creation; and, to be candid, I had vanity enough to think so too; yet I can declare, upon my honour, my assurance never suffered me to avail myself of their good opinion, further than by selecting

lecting my favourite partner for a ball, or to make up an agreeable party in a rural excursion.

" It was decreed, however, I should enlist under other banners than those of Mars. Five years had I been in the service, during which period our regiment traversed a considerable portion of the American territories, and was finally stationed in Quebec, from whence we understood it would be remanded to Europe. Much mortality had attended our men, both by the prevalent disorders of the country and those attendant on warfare; and the hardships we had undergone made our return home very much to be wished for. However, no orders were received for this removal, and we continued stationary, at the latter mentioned place, for nearly two years more; during which period I may say with truth, as events afterwards proved it, there unfortunately came in my way a young lady, daughter to a merchant of large fortune, who had recently

recently come to Quebec to reside; and a very short acquaintance with each other mutually attached us in the fondest affection. My circumstances in life rendered it madness to suppose I could ever obtain her father's consent to our union; nor was I rash enough to attempt soliciting it, as it must inevitably implicate the object of my love, and more than probably be the means of removing her from my observation. The detail of a love story, long since gone by, and only remembered in my own heart, cannot be interesting: let it suffice to say, that, determined on resigning this beloved girl, from a motive I considered just and honourable, I candidly laid before her my situation, and the impossibility there was that I should encourage hopes in my mind which never could be realised. She burst into tears: the pure blush of unaffected modesty, of delicate affection, glowed on her cheek, as she timidly replied to me in a manner I little expected. She had five hundred pounds,

pounds, she said, which had been presented to her by a married sister, as a little token of affection, when they separated; and this being her own, she was willing to give that and herself to me, if I was content to accept of so portionless a wife; for all expectations from her father must then be resigned, and even his forgiveness she could neither ask or hope for. It was not for a fond and faithful lover to refuse such an incontestible proof of his mistress's attachment. The chaplain of the regiment joined our hands; and, from that moment, we carried matters so cautiously, that not the smallest suspicion fell on us, and she continued to reside, as usual, in her father's house.

"I waited with anxiety the moment that would recall our troops to Europe: it came at last—My wife had arranged her plan: she forwarded to me, in small packages, at intervals, what cloaths or rather things she wanted, and charged me not to take any notice of her beyond my general

general line of conduct, but to attend the embarkation of the men with the rest of the officers, and only be the last myself to go on board. By a combination of the elements, we did not sail till the middle of the night: the boat waited to convey me; a little black boy approached —'I ready, Massa,' said he: it was the voice of my wife. We made to the vessel, and were many miles at sea before the arrival of the hour which must have discovered her flight. She found it no difficult matter to accomplish it. The silent time of night favoured her elopement: she had sufficient leisure to assume her disguise; her packages were already disposed of; and, not having any thing to impede her progress, the enterprise was followed with success.

"Let me, however, do justice to this best of wives, with regard to her dereliction from filial duty. She was, except in the instance of her marriage, the most amiable of daughters to a naturally harsh,

and

and imperious father. Her person was noble and commanding; her face beautiful, though her complexion rather dark; and, being supposed entitled to a considerable fortune, her suitors were innumerable: her father, however, rejected them all. He had, on the marriage of her elder sister (these two being his only children), conceived the idea of keeping the other at home, to superintend his domestic concerns, as his wife was dead some years; and this speculative arrangement he thought would be more prudent than giving her in marriage, and giving her a portion. However, as this wise parent made the golden rule his principal maxim, he changed his mind, from an opportunity of saving his purse. A rich old dotard saw the young lady, and fell in love with her: he made proposals to her father, and generously enough, without stipulating for any fortune with her, as he foresaw that, in case of the latter's death, his wealth would be divided between

tween his daughters. This overture was embraced with avidity by him, and his lovely blooming daughter commanded to receive the antiquated lover, as her destined husband.

" Against this cruel sacrifice of her happiness and her inclinations, she endeavoured to expostulate with him, and entreat that he would permit her to live single; promising solemnly, did he release her from this dreaded union, never to form any engagement, unless his will sanctioned it. But her entreaties were in vain; his answers were always as stern as his deportment, and as conclusive: he was a Quaker, I should tell you, and so was my loved wife, and they are not a sect easily swayed from their purpose—'Thou shalt become friend Joshua's wife, Rebecca, I tell thee,' he would say; 'thou knowest I am determined; remonstrance therefore is useless. I'll have no fine lady airs; they will move me not to change my mind in thy behalf. Thou ought

ought to be thankful for thy good fortune, instead of repining.'

"With such a prospect of misery before her, in a union with a man she abhorred, could my Rebecca be condemned, if, when her father silenced, in his avaricious pursuits, the tender claims of a daughter, that daughter should boldly assert the privileges that God and Nature gave her, and renounce the sordid parent for the faithful affectionate husband?

"On our arrival in England, we were again united in the church; and, for the space of twelve years, I was the happiest man that breathed. Our regiment, in consequence of its long absence abroad, was not removed, for that space, from Great Britain; and our periodical change of quarters my wife found very agreeable. She had little of the formality of quakerism about her, and, progressively, that little became less, till, in process of time, it had entirely worn off, and she dressed and spoke in conformity with the general

habits of the world: yet still there was a neatness in her attire, that, notwithstanding it wore the appearance of fashion, was seldom seen in its followers. Every eye turned with admiration on her; every tongue dwelt with rapture on her praises —She was one of those few attractive women, who neither created envy in her own sex, nor licentious wishes in the other; and, though constantly surrounded by the lively companions of our regiment, she was ever approached with deference, and attended with respect.

"My Rebecca wrote to her sister, some time after our arrival in England, informing her of her marriage, and expressing a most sanguine hope, that this event would not be the cause of any disunion between them: nor was this hope frustrated. This sister loved her with more than common relative affection: she replied with all the warmth of tender recollection; and, in a transport of unfeigned joy at learning what had become

of

of her dear Rebecca, she never, by the most distant hint, expressed a disapprobation of the step taken by her; but, on the contrary, evinced the most ardent satisfaction at hearing she was happy: and as my wife made no secret to her of our limited finances, this generous sister seized every opportunity to testify her wish of enlarging them: she sent over many valuable presents, and, more than once, some considerable sums in money; all of which were, from so kind a friend, estimated as much for the giver as their intrinsic value, and enabled us to add much to our comforts and our appearance.—Through this channel we received some accounts of the father: it was sixteen months after Rebecca's elopement, that he learned of her marriage with me; as his first suggestions were, that she had gone off, to avoid a union with her old lover, and had probably sought refuge with her sister, who resided in New York. Yet, whether from resentment at her flight, or indifference to it, he never made

any enquiry after her, and it was her sister's coming to visit him that revealed to each other the truth.

"The amiable Mary used every argument friendship or affection could devise, to soften her parent in favour of the fugitive; but he was deaf to her pleadings, and even menaced this kind friend with partaking in his displeasure, did she continue to importune him. My Rebecca's rejection of friend Prim had been, in itself, a sufficient cause for her father's anger; and, in addition to it, her marrying a 'man of war,' and a poor one too, were offences never to be pardoned. My wife was aware of this, therefore her sister's unsuccessful attempt gave her no fresh disquietude. In the third year from our marriage, she presented me with a son; and, as most parents are partial to their first-born, of course *we* thought him a '*rara avis.*' Indeed," said the narrator, with a sigh, "when last I beheld my dear little fellow, he was, independent of a father's opinion, as fine a manly boy

as

as ever gave promise to a fond father's heart. I had likewise a daughter, born two years after him, who died in her infancy; and, though it grieved me at the time, I have since considered it as a fortunate event.

"At one time that we were quartered in the north of England, I made it my business to enquire after my guardian. He had quitted our former place of abode, which was then inhabited by strangers; nor could I learn any thing respecting him, except that, on selling this little property to its present owners, he said he was going out of the kingdom immediately. To attempt tracing him, would be a wild-goose-chase; yet, I confess, that, having acquired a little more knowledge of the world, I should have been well pleased to find him; nor should I have scrupled peremptorily demanding an explanation of matters, though perhaps I might have hesitated bringing him to a public account. Indeed, I had no proof of having any demands on him, nor any

positive grounds to make good such an accusation: yet, as many past transactions recurred to me as ambiguous, I could have wished much for an opportunity of developing them: it never came, however, and I gave my mind no trouble about it.

"Twelve years had I enjoyed domestic felicity, when my regiment was once more ordered on foreign service. I had, at this time, the command of a company, and the promise of a speedy majority from a most dignified friend, high in the confidence of the then Commander-in-chief, whose interest was great, and his word to be relied on. I could have wished to take my wife and son with me, but the hostile nature of our destined service forbade so imprudent a measure; and she was satisfied to remain behind, on condition, if there was a probability of the regiment remaining long abroad, I should either get leave of absence to come and see her, or exchange into one at home.

"Our parting—but there is no occasion

sion to dwell on it.—I left my two dearest treasures, and, with them, left the half of what I owned in the world—the division of my pay; and for which purpose I brought Rebecca to the war-office, and there consigned the moiety over to her.—My Rebecca—it was our first parting; it was our last meeting—I never beheld her or my son more."

The stranger here seemed much affected: he hemmed two or three times to clear his voice; and pretended to rub over his face with his handkerchief, to conceal the involuntary intruding tear.—"Pshaw!" said he, endeavouring to smile, "this is a degenerate precedent of an old warrior. I thought myself proof against every attack of the heart; but, with all my boasting, I must shew the pusillanimity of mine."

"It is a weakness that does you honour, Sir," said Ellen; "for, could you be insensible at a moment of such painful recollection, I should be more inclined to doubt your courage than your cowardice.

The truly brave man unites, in his character, every noble sentiment; nor does the tear with which sensibility dims the hero's eye, sully the lustre of his glory."

The Baronet pressed his daughter's hand, with a smile of pleasure; Sylvester rather *looked his* approbation, and the stranger exclaimed, "What can be more delightful to an old soldier's heart, than the commendations of beauty? It renovates his courage; it animates him with the ardour of youth: yet take care, young lady, that, in the present instance, it does not give a veteran cause to regret the bright season of his days is gone by, and the snows of winter already blanch his head.

"To continue my narrative," he proceeded, "we entered Germany, and had many desperate *rencontres* with the French and Spaniards. I need not particularise these scenes: those who are acquainted with the practical part of war, must, if they have any feeling, shudder at its retrospect, however hardy in the field; and

those

those who only know it by theory, need not wish to be better informed: and now comes the unfortunate sequel of my military campaign. 'The pitcher that goes often to the well will come home broken at last,' they say, and so it was with me: we were ordered to attack a body of Spaniards at ———, who were commanded by Don Alvarez de Mantua, a grandee of the first rank: he fell in the engagement, and the enemy being thrown into confusion by it, our forces took advantage of their disorder to pursue them. In this pursuit I was desperately wounded, and, in a state of insensibility, taken prisoner, when, being conveyed to the enemy's quarters, my wounds were dressed, and *tolerable* attention paid to my recovery; but it was some time before I was able to move, or fully aware of my situation.

"On the first symptoms of my recovery, I was brought before the person who commanded in place of the fallen chief, but whose name I was ignorant of.

He enquired mine, which having answered to, I observed that he repeated it once or twice, and immediately proceeded to ask me several questions respecting myself, which, though I conceived them very immaterial for him to be informed of, I had no cause for hesitating in a candid reply to, therefore gave my answers without reserve. At the conclusion of those interrogations, I was politely remanded back to my apartment, with his orders that I should be *particularly* attended to, and every care taken for my perfect convalescence, which, in a few weeks, was fully established. At the end of that period I understood I was to be removed, and, with some other English prisoners, sent into Spain. This intelligence was a matter of serious concern to me, for I was in hopes an exchange had been made, without subjecting us to so tedious a journey; and as my removal would considerably retard the correspondence between my wife and me, I dreaded her learning my captivity, and its con-

sequences to her repose; but I had no alternative, and was obliged to submit.

"In the middle of the night I was put into a close carriage, which was strongly guarded by a party of cavalry; and I was no less surprised at remarking the apparent caution observed in my removal, than astonished at finding myself to be the only prisoner then sent forwards.—But a fatal explanation of these proceedings too soon followed. Our journey was of some weeks duration, and, during its progress, my guards were sedulously watchful of me, both by day as well as night, not permitting me to hold converse with any person; nor even, at the places we stopped, to have any attendance but from themselves.

"Our last day's journey was made much slower than any of the former ones, which, though I did not at the time particularly remark, I afterwards conjectured to have been purposely retarded, that we might reach the place of destination at a late hour, and I should have no opportu-

nity of making any observations. The carriage halted, and, in a few minutes after, I was handed from it by one of the guards, who conducted me into a house, and up stairs to a bed-chamber, where he asked me if I chose any refreshment, as he would bring it to me. I requested a glass of wine, and said, if I had his permission, I would retire to bed, as I was very much fatigued. 'Certainly, Sir,' replied the man, who immediately withdrew to fetch it; and, though he was not many minutes absent, I had got into bed before he returned. He poured out the wine, which, as he handed to me, he said, 'Our task, Sir, is now finished: you are no longer under our care.'—'Am I to remain in this house, then?' I asked; 'and in what part of the world am I?'—'The former, Sir,' he answered, 'I know nothing of; to the latter question—you are in Madrid.'—'Madrid! What an immense journey have I come!' thought I, 'and for what purpose?'

"My guard withdrew, and fatigue overpowering

overpowering my senses, I fell asleep, without making further reflections. How long I continued to enjoy this comparatively peaceful repose, I know not; but it was yet dark without doors, though the lamp I had left lighted on the table burnt feebly within, when I was awoke by two of the most diabolical-looking imps my eyes ever beheld under the human shape, dressed in long black wrappers, or cloaks, that completely enveloped them, frightfully ornamented with glaring red, and caps of the same contrasted colours, that, together with their black faces, gave them an appearance of devils. They commanded me, by signs, to rise, dress myself, and accompany them; which not shewing any symptoms of quietly acceding to, they seized on me without ceremony, and compelled me to obedience.

"I was again placed in some kind of moving vehicle, that proceeded with rapidity for a very short time, when it suddenly stopped, and I was assisted to alight

alight from it by my black ushers, to whose aspect the glimmering reflection of a sickly flame, along a narrow gloomy entrance, gave ten thousand horrible appearances. Here my eyes were bandaged; and after being led, by ascents and descents, through creaking doors and vaulted passages, whose roofs echoed to our footsteps, I was released from my winkers, and found myself in a chamber of tolerably decent appearance, but which I instantly perceived to be a strong barricadoed prison. One of my attendants set a lamp and some slight refreshments before me, while the other, laying a paper down with them, they both immediately retired, under the same observance of mysterious silence, only broke through by the drawing of both locks and chains, that secured me in the limited confines where I was left to my own *agreeable* meditations. Where that was, or for what purpose or intent so strangely conveyed hither, were the first ideas that crossed my mind; and was it the custom of the country

country to treat all prisoners of war in the same uncourteous manner, became my next subject of self-enquiry, ere I attempted to examine the paper which lay on the table before me. However, as I conceived it would bring a better elucidation of the business than any my conjectures could form, I very calmly took it up; but, gracious Heaven! what were my sensations at learning by it, I was a prisoner in the Spanish Inquisition!—The paper fell from my nerveless fingers—I thought of my Rebecca—my son. But what language could describe the horrible confusion of my thoughts! Even at this distance, the recollection of that moment freezes my blood. The contents of this fatal paper were nearly as follows:

'Your disobedience to the person who was the guardian of your earlier years, brings its punishment in maturer age. The eye of vigilance has overtaken you, and the consequences of imprudent

imprudent folly be on your own head!—You are in the Spanish Inquisition for life.'

"I told you, Sir," continued the stranger, smiling at Mr. Sylvester, "had it been in Spain you met me, you would not *much* have relished paying me a visit, which I believe you will readily acknowledge; for, during the term of eighteen years, I was not to be seen beyond the walls of the Inquisition."

"Eighteen years!" exclaimed his auditors, with a general start of astonishment.

"Yes," answered the narrator; "for that space of time was I a prisoner there, and, during the *entire* of it, never had the consolation of hearing myself addressed by a human voice. Two familiars, as they are called, regularly attended me, to whom, though I frequently spoke, I never received any answer. When I had been there about a month, a paper of similar writing to the first was presented me by one of them, in which I was desired to ask

ask for what I wished, and which, if found consistent with propriety, should be complied with; but I was to observe that no writing would be allowed to go from my hands, therefore not to hazard any attempt of the kind, or the result would prove fatal to me: neither was I to demand any books but such as were permitted the free use of in Spain, a catalogue of which was sent to make choices from it. I demanded the use of pen and ink, if only, as I said, to keep my hand in practice, by making notes or extracts from what books were allowed me, and marked down such of the latter as I wished for, to which I added a request for a flute or violin; and added, that, having been always used to much exercise, I might be permitted sometimes to take the air in any place appropriated for that purpose. The latter I obtained, which was in a small garden enclosed with a wall that a twenty-foot ladder would not have brought me to the summit of; but it answered the purpose I wanted, and I was allowed

allowed to walk there from one to two hours a-day, though always attended by my black aids-de-camp. The books, papers, &c. I likewise received, but the music, I was told, could not be granted.

"You may judge how desirous I had been to know by whom or by what authority placed in this miserable captivity, whether by the old devotee my guardian, or the secret *friends* he often hinted at; as by one or other it must have been: and I ventured once to enquire the circumstances of my confinement of my unknown correspondent, for such I must call the person whose writing alone was familiar to me; but the reply did not serve to satisfy me: I was very laconically desired to ask no questions, but be thankful for the indulgence I was allowed.

"Thus passed these miserable years of my existence. Historians have already detailed sufficient respecting this barbarous place of secret misdeeds, to spare me a description of whatever, within its horrid walls, came to my knowledge. I

have

have frequently heard the distant groans of misery, and started from my sleep with horror, as the shriek of agonizing torture has struck my appalled senses; but, having once had temerity enough to ask the cause of them, I was answered by a tacit gesture of such diabolical meaning, from my infernal attendants, that I was glad to make the *amende honorable*, by a humble apology for my curiosity, to which my ignorance of the customs would, I hope, plead my excuse.

"O merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the stranger, "when I have dwelt on the remembrance of my unhappy wife, when I have considered her helpless and forlorn state, with that of my son; when I have thought the uncertainty of my fate must be to her a perpetual source of anguish, I was no longer a hero—no; my vaunted courage dwindled into effeminacy, and the soldier's intrepidity was sunk in the husband and father's agonized feelings.—That my death could not be ascertained, I was aware of; and that, in the list of returns

returns from our army, I could only be mentioned as missing; therefore was it doubtful whether my poor Rebecca would be entitled to the continuance of the half-pay I allowed her, which, had I fallen in action, she would have pretensions to solicit for.

"I shall not dwell longer on this wretched epoch, only to say, that, for the first few years of my dreadful imprisonment, I was perpetually apprehensive of being summoned before the infernal tribunal, as I was ignorant what charges might be against me; but this dread progressively wore away, and I, at last, made up my mind to a fate that I saw no probability of averting or escaping from.

"Eighteen tedious years had passed over my head, on which sorrow had, long before, imprinted the hoary character of age, when, at an unusual hour, one night that I sat reading by the glimmering of my feeble lamp, the door of my prison was suddenly thrown open by one of my black attendants, who, laying a paper on the

the table, pointed for me to read it immediately. I confess, my heart nearly died within me; for, at this late hour, I conceived it to be some mandate of no agreeable purport. I could not conceal my agitation; my hand trembled as I unfolded this, to my terrified imagination, dreadful climax of my fate. The writing was unknown; but judge, if you can, my sensations from black despondence to unhoped-for joy, when the first words which met my view were, 'You are free!' and I sank on my chair nearly insensible, overpowered by the transition of my feelings.—'You are free!' said the blessed harbinger—'follow your conductor in silence: a carriage waits to convey you to an asylum, where you may remain to-night, but, to-morrow morning, depart at an early hour, and quit the Spanish dominions without delay. Be cautious, while in them, that you reveal nothing of where you come from—your liberty and life depends on your silence and dispatch. With *this* you receive a purse of two thousand

sand pistoles: make no enquiry how or of whom you obtain either.'

"I took twenty pistoles from the purse, which I now perceived had been placed on the table with the letter, and offered them to my attendant. He waved his hand to decline the gift, and I feared to press him further. I asked him, might I take a change of linen with me, as perhaps, under the restrictions I was desired to observe, it would not be prudent of me to purchase any in this country? and, without making any hesitation, he went himself and fetched me whatever he conceived was necessary. My eyes were then once more blindfolded, my conductor took my hand, and, in a few minutes, I was liberated from those walls which, the day before, I never expected to pass but to my grave.

"We had walked in the open air only a short distance, when my bandage was removed, and I found myself in a street well lighted, and standing near a large church. My guide, who never opened his

his lips, now pointed towards a carriage that stood in waiting, and to which I advanced: the door was opened by the driver of it, who I could perceive to be closely muffled up, and, ere I entered, I again made a tender of the trifle to my conductor He laid his hand on mine, and pressed it with kindness, yet took not the money; but again pointing to the carriage, I obeyed his signal, and entered it. I turned to take a last look of my guide, but he was gone; and the driver taking his seat, in less than half an hour I was set down at the place of my immediate destination. The same silence was observed by the latter as the former, who, the moment I had alighted, drove off with as little ceremony as my conductor had disappeared.

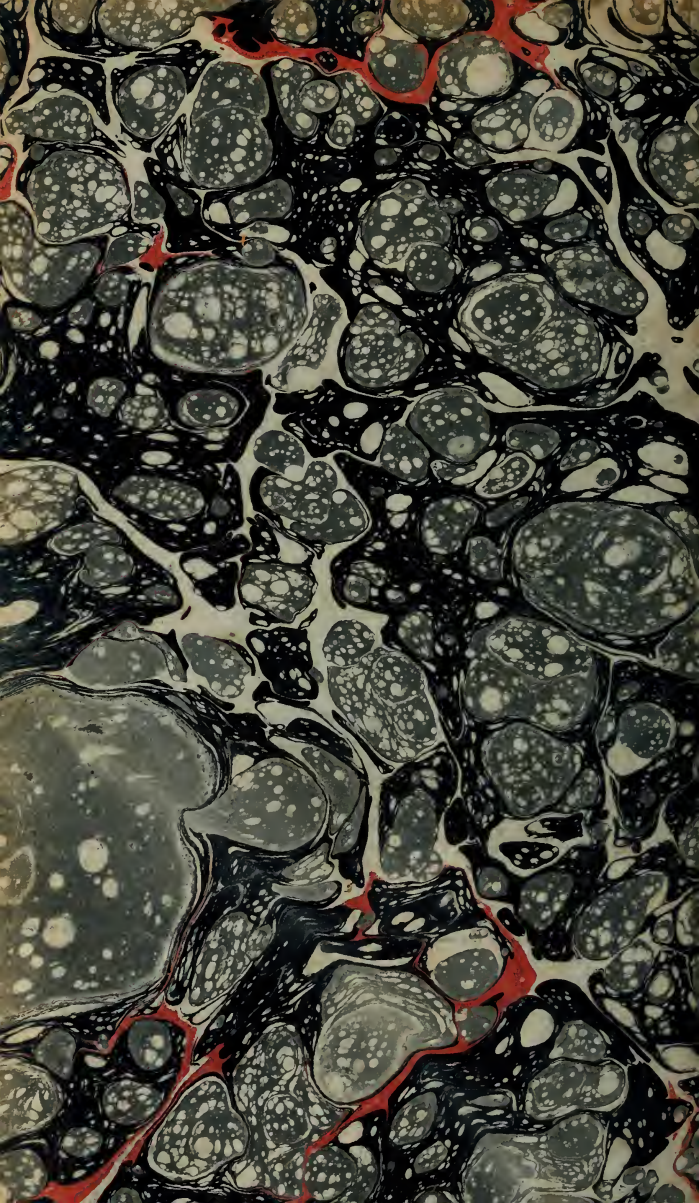
"Here then I breathed once more the blessing of freedom, and wondered at the change. I drank a glass or two of wine, and, ordering a conveyance to take me off early in the morning, retired to bed, but not, you may believe, to sleep; England

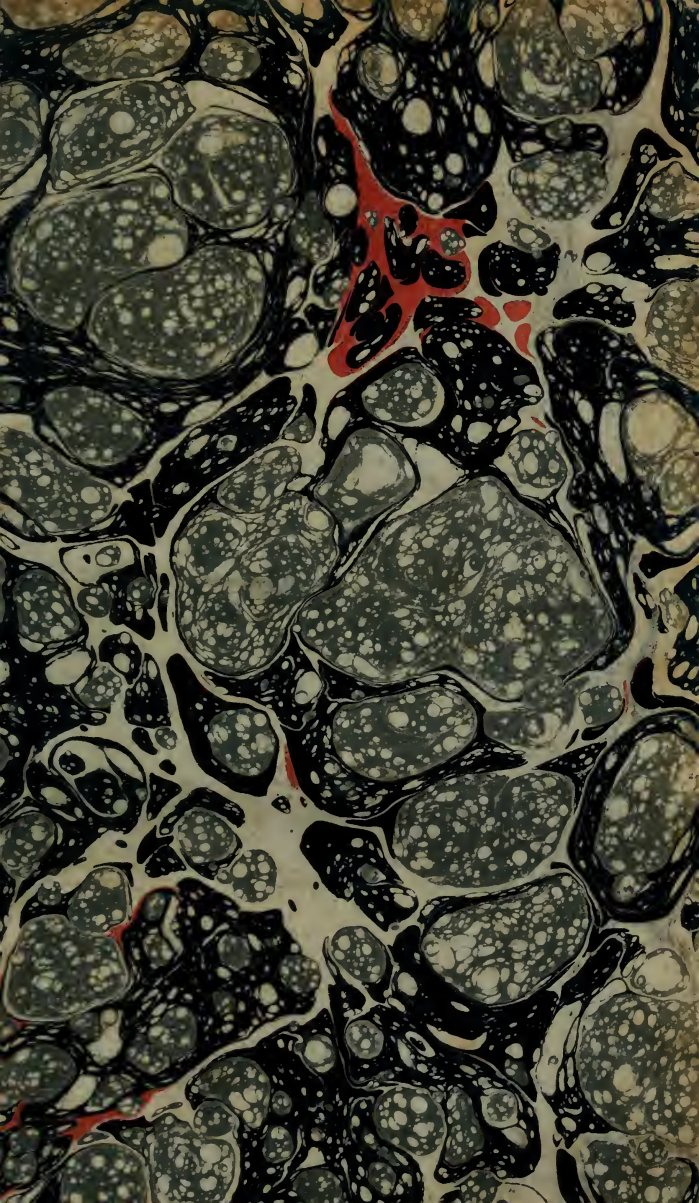
land was the spot to which my anxious heart directed—England, after eighteen years captivity and deathlike silence.—'Alas!' thought I, 'who is there now to welcome my resurrection from the tomb?—My Rebecca, my son—where shall I seek them, or do they still inhabit this world?—O my prophetic mind!" exclaimed the veteran—"both, *both* were lost to me."

He was very much affected, as were likewise his auditors; and the Baronet, to detach the stranger's thoughts from their present painful association, requested he would discontinue his narration for a time, while Ellen gave them tea, and likewise, before he recommenced his interesting story, an air on the harp, to enliven their spirits; to which the stranger readily assented, and Ellen as willingly complied with the general request.

END OF VOL. II.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall Street.





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